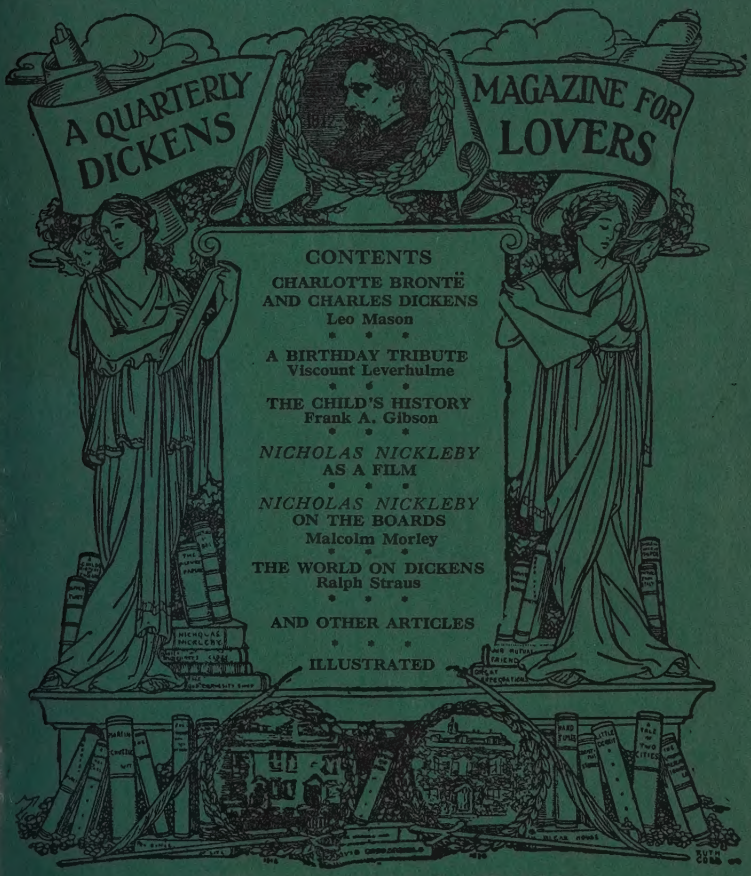
FORTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. XLIII, Part 3 SUMMER NUMBER, 1947 No. 283
Published 1st June

THE DICKENSIAN

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ILLUSTRATED

EDITED BY LESLIE C. STAPLES

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON, W.C. 1

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE
Subscription rate: Ten Shillings and Sixpence, per annum, post free.

WALTER T. SPENCER

(M. E. SPENCER)

27 New Oxford Street,

ESTABLISHED 1884. **London, W.C.1**

Cable and Telegraphic Address: "PHIZ, WESTCENT, LONDON."
Telephone: HOLBORN 3936

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Number 4, March 1947, Now Ready

THE TROLLOPIAN

Edited by BRADFORD A. BOOTH

Beginning in June 1947, *The Trollopian*, the Journal of Victorian Fiction published by the University of California Press, will appear quarterly in June, September, December, and March. The annual subscription in Great Britain is 16s. 6d. net; single copies cost 5s. net each. Enquiries and subscriptions should be addressed to *The Trollopian*, Bentley House, 200 Euston Road, London, N.W.1

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

London Meetings - - - - - - See page iii of cover

THE COUNTRY BANKER

'. . . he kept a pack of hounds and dwelt in patriarchal style among his people—hospitable, freehanded and popular. He might be seen at times seated under the great elm . . . chatting with his neighbours.'

SO, in the last century, the country banker inspired and held confidence: the evidence of his worth was plainly to be seen. The rising tide of industrial development with its demand for a service which few private firms could provide caused the virtual disappearance of the country bankers, but on the firm foundation which he had created, the Westminster Bank continued to build, so that it is today able to offer a service which, in its scope and complexity, might be a source of some astonishment to those pioneer bankers of other days.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

A portion of the original MS. of *Oliver Twist*.

Presented to the Dickens House by Mr. Arnold N. Palmer
(see opposite page)

THE DICKENSIAN

SUMMER NUMBER

VOL. XLIII. 1ST JUNE, 1947 No. 283

WHEN FOUND—

A Superb Gift. The Dickens House has benefited by the most generous presentation of the fragment of the original MS. of *Oliver Twist* which is reproduced on the opposite page. The donor is Mr. Arnold N. Palmer, to whom the most grateful thanks of all Dickens-lovers throughout the world are richly due. The House, owing to the munificence of Count de Suzannet, already possesses portions of the MSS. of two books which were written in the House, *Pickwick Papers* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. It now acquires a part of the MS. of the third. This is a most noteworthy landmark in the history of the collection, for pages of the MS. of *Oliver Twist* are of the greatest rarity. Mr. Palmer tells us that he inherited this treasure from his grandfather, Alderman G. S. Nottage, who, it will be remembered, bought that notable trophy of the art of Mr. Venus, "Grip," at the Gads Hill Sale in 1870. The Victoria and Albert Museum was offered the page by Mr. Palmer, with the reservation that he would prefer it to go to any institution which already possessed the preceding or succeeding slip. The Museum's librarian telephoned to us asking if we could supply details of the whereabouts of the other known pages. In doing so we stressed the desirability of the acquisition of the page by the House in which it was written. A few days later Mr. Palmer walked unannounced into The Dickens House and quietly made his momentous gift. The Hon. Secretary was there to thank him.

* * * * *

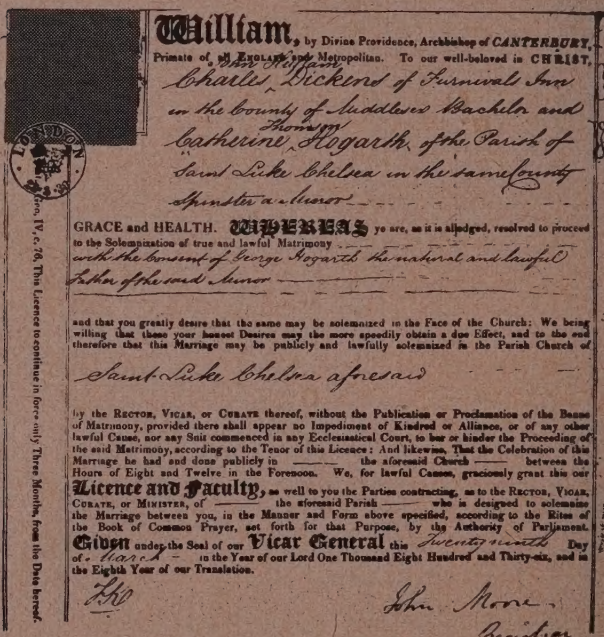
A Census. Apart from this part of slip No. 29, which is a portion of Ch. X, and the section in the Forster Bequest, Ch. XII to Ch. XLIII, only four pages are known to exist. One, slip No. 40, from Ch. XV, was in the collection of the late R. H. Stoddard in America. A facsimile of this appeared in *The Dickensian*, 1912, p. 295. Three others, slips No. 17, 18 and 23, also from Ch. X, which had been presented by Dickens to his first cousin, Mrs. Ball Wilson, were eventually sold by Mr. J. Robert Watts at Puttick and Simpson's in 1921 and they reappeared at the 1929 Jerome Kern sale in New York, where they fetched $8,500.

* * * * *

Another MS. A manuscript which has long been generously lent to The Dickens House by Mr. Frank S. Johnson, *The Influence Exercised by Women in the Home*, has now been presented by Mr. Johnson to the House in memory of his wife, whose lamented death was recorded in these pages in the last issue. Nothing is more certain that that his gift would greatly have appealed to his wife, to whom the Fellowship and her many friends within it meant a very great deal. The paper was not published, as far as is known, in Dickens's lifetime, but first appeared in *The Dickensian*, 1927, p. 106.

Another Notable Gift.

We have also to report another important gift to the Dickens House by the Count de Suzannet. It is the original Special Marriage Licence of Charles Dickens and Catherine Hogarth, a reproduction of which appears on this page. It was necessary for the bridegroom to obtain this document as his bride was a minor. We had dearly hoped that the generous donor of this valuable treasure would have been able to come to London for the Dickens Fellowship Conference and to present



William, by Divine Providence, Archbishop of **CANTERBURY**, Primate of all **ENGLAND** and Metropolitan. To our well-beloved in CHRIST, Charles Dickens of Furnivals Inn in the County of Middlesex Bachelor and Catherine Hogarth of the Parish of Saint Luke Chelsea in the same County Spinster a Minor

GRACE and HEALTH. **WHEREAS** ye are, as it is alledged, resolved to proceed to the Solemnization of true and lawful Matrimony with the Consent of George Hogarth the natural and lawful Father of the said Minor

and that you greatly desire that the same may be solemnized in the Face of the Church: We being willing that those your honest Desires may the more speedily obtain a due Effect, and to the end therefore that this Marriage may be publicly and lawfully solemnized in the Parish Church of Saint Luke Chelsea aforesaid

by the RECTOR, VICAR, or CURATE thereof, without the Publication or Proclamation of the Banns of Matrimony, provided there shall appear no Impediment of Kindred or Alliance, or of any other lawful Cause, nor any Suit commenced in any Ecclesiastical Court, to bar or hinder the Proceeding of the said Matrimony, according to the Tenor of this Licence: And likewise, That the Celebration of this Marriage be had and done publicly in the aforesaid Church between the Hours of Eight and Twelve in the Forenoon. We, for lawful Causes, graciously grant this our **Licence and Faculty**, as well to you the Parties contracting, as to the RECTOR, VICAR, CURATE, or MINISTER, of the aforesaid Parish who is designed to solemnize the Marriage between you, in the Manner and Form above specified, according to the Rites of the Book of Common Prayer, set forth for that Purpose, by the Authority of Parliament. **Given** under the Seal of our **Vicar General** this Twenty-ninth Day of March in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-six, and in the Eighth Year of our Translation.

LONDON

Geo. IV, c. 76. This Licence to continue in force only Three Months, from the Date hereof.

John Moore Registrar

it to the House in person. But although the Count had also wished to be in England this year, it was found to be impossible. We may however look forward to seeing him in London at no distant date. With characteristic generosity he has asked that the name of Mr. Leslie C. Staples be associated with his own in the presentation of this gift, to mark that gentleman's Chairmanship of the Council this year. We gratefully record that fact.

* * * * *

***Great Expectations* Première.**

We are now able to announce the sum by which the Dickens House Endowment Fund (Walter Dexter Memorial) benefited from the Royal World *première* of *Great Expectations* on December 16th last. It is £1,300, a handsome sum that helps us forward considerably. This quarter's contributions will be found upon page 133. May we once again urge

upon Branches the organisation of functions in aid of this fund. We now have an excellent start: in planning your programme for next season will you not consider what YOU can do to assist. Many of the Branches have already done great work. Will you not follow suit?

* * * * *

Friends Indeed. It is with considerable anxiety that we await the outcome of the first full year's working of *The Dickensian* at the enhanced price. Many Branches have maintained their orders admirably, some have increased them—we would mention Blackburn in this honourable connection—but it is impossible to obtain a clear picture at this stage. Of the Branches who have found it impossible for the present to take as many copies as they did, is Boston, U.S.A. Knowing our anxiety in this matter, that Branch has sent the magazine a donation of $54 to help us on our way until, as they hope, they can resume their wonted supply. Our thanks are indeed due to Boston, and they are sent in full measure. For the rest it can only be repeated that for *The Dickensian* to survive, even at the new price, the circulation must be maintained.

* * * * *

The Hakluyt Society. In a book recently published in celebration of the centenary of the Hakluyt Society, edited by the President of the Society, Dr. Edward Lynam, F.S.A., there is an interesting essay on the Society's history written by Sir William Foster, C.I.E., a former Secretary and later the President. The Society was founded at a meeting at the London Library in 1846 and Dickensians will like to learn that John Forster was then elected a member of the first Council which included among others Charles Darwin, Sir W. R. Hamilton, Dean H. H. Milman, and Monckton-Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton. Forster retained his seat on the Council, with one short break, till his resignation from the Society in 1864. In the first printed list of members issued in 1849 appears the name of Charles Dickens, who remained a member till 1856. Although Dickens retired from membership, he kept in his library all the publications of the Society issued during his connection with it, and the complete series of nineteen volumes was disposed of as a set at the Gad's Hill sale in 1870 after his death.

* * * * *

Dickens on the Stage. For the second time recently Charles Dickens has been represented on the stage of the Embassy Theatre, London. He, and Mrs. Dickens, appeared (not very convincingly) in Ian Hay's "Hattie Stowe," a play on the life of the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The earlier occasion was in a play upon the life of Hans Andersen, but that we did not see.

* * * * *

A Broadstairs Festival. The newly revived Broadstairs Branch is organising a Dickens Festival in conjunction with the local Council on October 22nd to the 25th. There will be a play adapted from *Nicholas Nickleby* by Gladys Waterer and produced by Frank Douglas performed each evening. During the mornings there will be conducted tours to places of Dickensian interest and in the afternoons, talks, a concert of Dickensian music and reunions. The Festival will conclude with a Dickens Ball. Dickensians who are taking a late holiday would do well to bear this in mind.

* * * * *

Congratulations. The heartiest of good wishes will go to two well-known Dickensians who were married on St. George's Day at Southwark Cathedral—Miss G. L. Lineker and Mr. J. D. Billington. The ceremony, a very quiet one, was performed by the Provost of Southwark, assisted by the Vicar of Richmond. The

bride was given away by Miss W. L. Thoburn, and the Editor of *The Dickensian* was the groomsman. The small congregation included the Hon. Secretary and Mrs. Merriman, the Assistant Secretary, and the Hon. Secretary of the St. Pancras Branch.

* * * * *

Apologies. The Editor has two errors in the last number for which to apologise. On page 79 he credited Pip with "sisters" and on page 63 he stated that "Dickens would know perfectly well that territorial titles do not accompany baronetcies," whereas he finds that they invariably do. In endeavouring to make belated amends he would observe that this does not in the least invalidate his statement with regard to Dickens's alleged acceptance of a baronetcy.

* * * * *

Watts Charity. This quaint, unique and celebrated Rochester institution which was the inspiration of Dickens's *The Seven Poor Travellers*, was the subject of surprising news in April. As long as six months ago rumours reached us that it would not again be re-opened, for as Rochester had been a prohibited area during the war, "travellers" could not then be received. We wrote to the Trustees asking for information and were informed that the position was under review, although whatever happened visitors would be admitted as hitherto. We heard no more until the first week in April, when the press was flooded with reports that the future of the old house had been placed in the hands of the Charity Commissioners. Neither denial nor confirmation followed from the Trustees. As one of the objects of the Dickens Fellowship is to assist in the preservation of buildings associated with the life and work of Charles Dickens we then wrote a letter which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* to draw public attention to the position. A week later a statement by the Clerk to the Trustees appeared in the *Chatham News* announcing that as the House was no longer needed by "Poor Travellers," it was to shelter two aged couples who would be responsible for the reception of visitors wishing to inspect the House. The Charity Commissioners had sanctioned the change. It was unworthy of the Trustees to elicit sympathy for the two aged couples by reference to the present housing shortage. Surely accommodation could be found for them in local institutions designed for such cases without the disturbance of the operation of this ancient foundation. If not, then Eastgate House and other local monuments will probably be the next casualties. Having regard to the fact that only about a thirtieth part of the income left by Richard Watts is now necessary to maintain the house (the remainder being employed to aid numerous other Rochester charities) surely the terms of the bequest could be carried out, not only as a memorial to the founder and to Charles Dickens, but for the benefit of such travellers, for whom it was designed, as may need its assistance. We are told that there are no longer any "poor travellers." Although the house did not always have its nightly quota of six before the war remarkably good use was made of Master Watts benefaction by these poor men. After receiving "travellers" for more than 350 years and when there is ample provision to maintain it from the original funds bequeathed for the purpose, it is incomprehensible that the Charity Commissioners should sanction the discontinuance of the terms of the benefactor's will. In our view it is a most lamentable decision, but protests will now, presumably, be quite unavailing. It has all been quietly and, we expect, efficiently, accomplished, hardly before anyone knew what was being planned. A cherished tradition has been ruthlessly and unnecessarily broken. Truly an unhappy business.

The Moon-faced Clock. The Old Clock House, better known as the Old Corn Exchange, situated on the north side of High Street, Rochester, is to render yet another useful service to the old city. Mr. W. Glanvill Mason reminds us that it was erected in 1706 on the site of the Antient Guildhall at the expense of Admiral Sir Cloudsley Shovel, Knt., who represented the city in four Parliaments, and who lost his life when his ship was wrecked off the Scilly Isles, and was, by order of Queen Anne, buried in Westminster Abbey. The dial of the original clock being much decayed, it was replaced by the present one, in 1771, a minute hand being added, and a larger bell fixed, and the arms of Sir Cloudsley placed over the dial. This was known to Charles Dickens, who, in *Dullborough Town*, in *The Uncommercial Traveller*, thus recalls it: "Of course the town had shrunk fearfully, since I was a child there. I had entertained the impression that the High Street was at least as wide as Regent Street, London, . . . I found it little better than a lane. There was a public clock in it, which I had supposed to be the finest clock in the world: whereas it now turned out to be as inexpressive, moon-faced and weak a clock as ever I saw. It belonged to a Town Hall . . . The edifice had appeared to me in those days so glorious a structure . . . A mean little brick heap, like a demented chapel, with a few yawning persons in leather gaiters, . . . lounging at the door with their hands in their pockets, and calling themselves a Corn Exchange." From its original use as a Corn Exchange, it has done service as Rochester's first picture palace, a training centre for cloth workers, and is now shortly to become a civic restaurant.

* * * * *

For Students. An attractively produced volume containing Mabel Dodge Holmes's "adaptation" of *Oliver Twist*, designed for youthful students, reaches us from the College Entrance Book Company of New York. The appendix includes a nicely illustrated miniature biography of Dickens, including a photograph of the Dickens House, where the novel was written, and "Questions and topics for discussion." Having read and been enthralled by Dickens's book, as he wrote it, when we were about ten years of age, we are unrepentantly of the opinion that these "adaptations" for the young are somewhat superfluous, but one hopes they lead their readers eventually to the great originals. As this one sets out to annotate the work, it is a pity that no one was available to advise the adaptor or the editor that the frontispiece, which purports to be "A Street in Old London," is, in fact, Eastgate Street, Chester.

* * * * *

Walter W. Crotch. It is with deep regret that we learn of the death of Walter W. Crotch in Paris, early in May, at the age of 72. Mr Crotch, as Assistant Editor of *Household Words*, was the author of the letter signed "A Working Man," which appeared in that journal in 1902, which led to the formation of the Dickens Fellowship. At the time of his death, he was Editor-in-Chief of the International Press Bureau in Paris.

* * * * *

Conference. By the time these lines are in the readers' hands, Conference 1947 will have become a memory, but at the time of writing it is a happy anticipation. A full report will appear in the next number.

LESLIE C. STAPLES.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË AND CHARLES DICKENS

By LEO MASON

I

AS Charlotte Brontë and Thackeray left the offices of Smith, Elder and Company, a sharp-faced, dark, impressive man who was just going in exchanged a hostile stare with Thackeray, and raised his hat formally.

"Good morning, Thackeray."

"Good morning, Dickens."

Charlotte was electrified.

"Charles Dickens! And you never introduced me."

"I shouldn't like you to get mixed up with that kind of riff-raff, my dear," said Thackeray, with a smile.

The foregoing conversation is purely imaginary, it has not the slightest foundation in fact, and is culled from the script of the glamourised and much distorted version of the life of Charlotte Brontë presented on the cinema screen in the year 1946 under the title of "Devotion."

It is the writer's purpose in the following article to present certain facts concerning Dickens and Charlotte Brontë, and while doing so, by means of legitimate conjecture and inference, to place before the reader some entirely new thoughts concerning the two novelists.

II

Charles Dickens, by virtue of his outstanding genius and resultant commanding position among his contemporaries, possessed an entrée into practically all ranks of social and literary society; this, together with his position as editor of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, brought him into contact with most of the principal writers of his day. Many hours of research have been spent in gleaning the facts concerning these Dickensian associations and much has been written about them, so that to-day, the student finds himself in possession of a vast fund of information which embraces in varying degree the work of the novelists who wrote during the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century. Writing about Dickens in the year 1906, G. K. Chesterton recorded: "At a certain period of his contemporary fame, an average Englishman would have said that there were at that moment in England about five or six able and equal novelists. He could have made a list, Dickens, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, perhaps more. Forty years or more have passed and some of them have slipped to a lower plane. Some would now say that the highest platform is left to Thackeray and Dickens; some to Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot; some to Dickens, Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë."

Yet another forty years have passed since Chesterton expressed his views and three-quarters of a century have elapsed since Dickens died. The names of many of his contemporaries are now no longer household words and while their works continue to have a place upon the national bookshelf, the dust, nevertheless, lies a little thicker upon many of them at the end of each successive year. These once celebrated authors will not be entirely forgotten by the Dickensian, however, because at some time during their lives they chanced to have some association with Charles Dickens, who with the advancing years is steadily emerging as *the* one of the nineteenth century novelists who truly merits the title of great.

In view of the foregoing, it is a point of interest that Charlotte Brontë, perhaps the greatest of the women novelists contemporary with Dickens, has not a single direct Dickensian association coupled with her name. Nowhere is it recorded that Dickens ever made the slightest reference to her. The fact is of interest because she amongst all his contemporaries is *the* one who, because of the creative imagination, vitality, ardour, limitations and intensity of feeling displayed in her writings, can best be compared with him. In addition, it should be stated that her novels, especially *Jane Eyre*, caused no little sensation on their appearance and were much commented upon by literary men and women known to Dickens. It may also be pointed out that Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* stands very much in the same relationship to its subject as Forster's *Life* does to Dickens. Both books were written from the viewpoints of intimate friendships, and although they may not present all the facts in a bare, unvarnished state, nevertheless their respective biographies are recognised as the essential firm structures into which subsequent information concerning the two authors must be fitted into place. Moreover, both biographers were well known to each other and, of course, each was on intimate terms with Dickens. Incidentally, "North and South," the title of Mrs. Gaskell's story which appeared in *Household Words*, may be aptly applied to the two novelists. Charlotte Brontë was a dweller midst the bleak, sullen and sparsely populated moorland of the North and Dickens was the town-dweller of the South surrounded by the masses of diverse peoples and the countless streets, scenes and excitements inseparable from a great city. Although Dickens did not record any comment on either Charlotte Brontë or her work, she, on the other hand, has left behind her a few scattered but nevertheless very interesting comments on the genius and art of Dickens, consequently some interest is to be derived from a comparison of their novels.

III

Born in the year 1816, Charlotte Brontë was four years younger than Dickens; her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, had married a Maria Branwell towards the end of the year 1812. Between that date and January, 1820, six children were born, five girls and one boy, and in the latter year the family took up residence in the Parsonage at Haworth, a small isolated village perched upon a wind-swept ridge of Yorkshire moorland. Here the family lived until death claimed each member in tragic succession, the father being the last to die in 1861. The mother died in 1821 and was followed to an early grave four years later by her two first-born children, Maria and Elizabeth, leaving Charlotte, Branwell, Emily and Anne. Of these Charlotte and Emily wrote books which are unique in the realms of English literature.

To fully appreciate Charlotte Brontë's novels it is desirable that the reader should know something of her sad and tragic life and her relatively few contacts with the world outside the Parsonage, which were the bases for scenes in her novels. Perusal of the many books devoted to the subject will provide the necessary facts. For the present purpose it will be sufficient to state that bereft of a mother's love and left with a father who seems to have been quite incapable of demonstrating paternal affection, the children, although placed under the care of an aunt, were thrown a great deal upon their own resources. Charlotte, in a similar manner to the young Charles Dickens, found interest and satisfaction in a small collection of books belonging to her father—Scott's novels, Wordsworth's and Southey's poems, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Arabian Nights and Aesop's Fables, and one or two of the eighteenth century classics. At the age of eight she spent

a year at Cowan Bridge, an unsatisfactory school for clergymen's daughters, and in the year 1831 commenced a short term of education at a much better school situated at Roe Head. The next ten years she spent at home and as governess in one or two well-to-do Yorkshire families, finally spending eighteen months at a school in Brussels whence she returned home for good in January, 1844. Always an avid reader, Charlotte, as she grew up, occasionally offered a word or two of criticism on the novels of her day, and writing to a friend in the year 1834 she says, "For fiction read Scott alone, all novels after his are worthless," and six years later, after reading a batch of forty French novels, she expresses the view that "like the rest, they are clever, wicked, sophistical and immoral." In the meantime, however, the novels of Charles Dickens had taken the country by storm, and, as subsequent evidence will show, Charlotte became well acquainted with them. An urge to write something themselves soon became paramount in the Brontë sisters. "We had very early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors," wrote Charlotte, and in the year 1845 the dream "now suddenly acquired strength and consistency and took the character of a resolve." She wrote to Robert Southey seeking his advice, but the Poet Laureate gave her no encouragement, observing in an otherwise kindly letter: "The daydreams in which you habitually indulge are likely to induce a distempered state of mind . . . Literature cannot be the business of a woman's life, and ought not to be." He pointed out that the proper place for woman was in the home and it was not for her to seek advancement in the outer world. Although, for the time being, Charlotte accepted, at least outwardly, Southey's typically early nineteenth century attitude towards her sex, the promptings of her genius would not be repressed; moreover, the views he expressed were quite distasteful to her. After an unsuccessful venture with a little book of their combined poems in 1846, of which only two copies were sold, the Brontës turned their thoughts to writing in prose and produced *Wuthering Heights*, *Agnes Grey* and *The Professor*, the latter being written by Charlotte. The first two stories were accepted by Newby, the publisher, but the manuscript of Charlotte's story found acceptance nowhere. Despite all setbacks, she wrote another story—the story of *Jane Eyre*—and in forwarding the manuscript of *The Professor* to the firm of Smith, Elder and Company, she requested them, in view of the fact that it had been turned down by several publishers, to state what was wrong with it. She also mentioned the longer story she had in course of preparation. *The Professor* once again was not approved of, but Mr. Williams, the publisher's reader, and Mr. Smith himself at once recognised the force displayed in the second manuscript which they had asked Charlotte to submit to them.

Jane Eyre was published in October, 1847, and Charlotte Brontë under the pen name of Currer Bell, secured for herself a place of fame in the realms of English literature. She wrote under a pen name because she wished her work to be soundly judged on its own intrinsic merits. "To the critic I would say," wrote Charlotte, "to you I am neither man nor woman—I come before you as an author only. It is the sole standard by which you have a right to judge me."

IV

All the publishers, six in number, had objected to *The Professor* on the grounds that "it was too true to life and lacking in 'startling incident' and 'thrilling excitement,' that it would never suit the circulating libraries, and as it was on those libraries the success of works of fiction mainly depended, they could not undertake to publish what would be overlooked there." It is of some interest to notice

that although as Charlotte Brontë has recorded when she began to write, she was quite determined to take Nature and Truth as her sole guides ; to restrain imagination, eschew romance, repress excitement, and to avoid over-bright colouring, it was the almost complete reversal of this policy, as evidenced in the writing of *Jane Eyre* which produced the publisher's desiderata—an absorbing story, boldly drawn characters, exciting incidents—melodrama. It was a story told in such a manner that it made a direct appeal to the taste of middle-class readers who, now as then, do not desire to exercise their minds in appraising the respective merits or otherwise of a sober work of literary "art" but wish to be amused, thrilled and entertained ; to dwell on something which will provide a compensation for life ; to become intimate with imaginary personages with whom they can identify themselves, and always, in the end, to be comforted and inspired by a vivid manifestation of the triumph of all that is held to be good. With the foregoing in mind it may be said that Charlotte Brontë, within the limits of her own genius, had written a story very much in the manner of Dickens. That her publishers held something of the same view may be conjectured from her correspondence with them (1847-55), because, although only Charlotte's side of the correspondence has been preserved, some of her remarks would appear to indicate that her publishers held, at first, high hopes that she would be able to capture the popular fancy on similar lines to those laid down by Dickens. In cautioning them against forming too favourable an idea of her powers, she says that she is well aware of deficiences of capacity and of disadvantages of circumstance which would make it somewhat difficult for her to attain popularity as an author, and comments that writers like Dickens doubtless enjoyed facilities for observation such as she had not and certainly possessed a knowledge of the world, whether intuitive or acquired, to which she could lay no claim, and consequently their writings had an importance and a variety greatly beyond anything she could offer the public. Also her publishers, evidently with Dickens in mind, suggested that she might embody some philanthropic scheme or reforming purpose in any further novels she may choose to write, but Charlotte replies that she could not embody any such scheme or moral purpose in her writings and would not dare to meddle with matters which she did not fully understand and could not personally inspect, "lest I should make even a more ridiculous mess of the matter than Mrs. Trollope did in her *Factory Boy*." With such a writer as Dickens, however, she once again points out, the situation was quite different because "he had access to the shrine and image of truth and had only to go into the temple, lift the veil a moment and come out and say what he had seen." As to her publisher's suggestion that she should try her hand at a serial story, it was quite out of the question because she did not possess sufficient confidence in herself and could not boast "those unflagging animal spirits, that even command of the faculty of composition which most justly is an indispensable requisite to success in serial literature." Charlotte, despite the encouragement of her publishers, could not wield the facile pen of a Dickens, she could not write to order, and two years were to elapse between the publication of *Jane Eyre* and her second novel, *Shirley*, and yet another three years passed before *Villette*, her third and final work, was published in the year 1852. It is important to notice that in the opening lines of *Shirley* the author warns the reader not to expect, on any account, anything like a romance, and asks : "Do you anticipate sentiment and poetry and reverie ? Do you expect passion, stimulus and melodrama ? Calm your expectations, reduce them to a lowly standard. Something real, cool, and solid lies before you ; something unromantic as Monday morning, when all who

have work wake with the consciousness that they must rise and betake themselves thereto." She was thus an exponent of two styles of writing, the sensational and the naturalistic, but it must be stressed that although *Shirley* and *Villette* have been claimed as greater literary works than *Jane Eyre* and as being caviare to the average reader, it is nevertheless the sensational novel which brought fame to the author and by which she is mostly remembered. In other words, if Charlotte Brontë had only written the two later novels and not *Jane Eyre* she would not occupy the outstanding position she now enjoys amongst the English novelists.

V

Having in mind her obvious acquaintance with the writings of Dickens, it is not unreasonable to conjecture that she would note with special interest his treatment of the Yorkshire schools in *Nicholas Nickleby*, so arrestingly typified by his imaginary school at Dotheboys Hall. Charlotte, herself, had recollections of an unsatisfactory school at Cowan Bridge to which she and her sisters had been sent at an early age; a school from which two of her sisters had been brought home to die. She also remembered her mother's early death and looked back on herself as a little girl bereft of love and affection. At the age of thirty-one her imagination, fired by her genius, took possession of her, her indignation rose up within her and setting down her thoughts with an intensity and ardour very much akin to that of Dickens, she wrote her story, *The Autobiography of Jane Eyre*, a story about a very sad and lonely little girl who longed to bestow her love on someone and to be loved in return. Unlike the child creations of Dickens, however, she was not of the "angelic type" who suffered in silence, but a child who put up a very spirited defence against the unjust treatment meted out to her.

"'Unjust! Unjust!' said my reason, forced by the agonising stimulus into precocious though transitory power; and Resolve, equally wrought up, instigated some strange expedient to achieve escape from insupportable oppression—as running away, or, if that could not be effected, never eating or drinking more and letting myself die . . . Yet in what darkness, what dense ignorance, was the mental battle fought! I could not answer the ceaseless inward question—why I thus suffered." Little Jane first appears in the story as an orphan placed in the care of her Aunt Reed who discriminates against her and treats her as a poor relation, she is viewed as such by the servants, bullied by her cousins, wrongfully accused of misdemeanours, frightened into a fit by being confined in a darkened room. She is continually made to suffer mental torture, all her attempts to justify herself are dismissed as untruths, she is looked upon as being "a quite impossible child." Florence Dombey excites the reader's pity, but little Jane Eyre his sympathy and admiration. Jane, longing to love and be loved, eventually declares her hatred of her aunt, cousins and everything connected with Gateshead Hall. She is got rid of by being sent away to school. She welcomes the change, but fresh sorrows await her. Aunt Reed gives a false impression about her to the Principal of the school, a pharisaical humbug—the Reverend Mr. Brocklehurst—a combination of Chadband and Pecksniff. Charlotte Brontë's pen glides swiftly over the paper, her imagination has full possession of her, she is not describing a child, but is the child herself; she sees as a child sees, she writes because she must.

Mr. Brocklehurst, the teachers and events at the school are portrayed with Dickensian forcefulness. Jane is branded and pilloried as a liar before the whole school; Mr. Brocklehurst is depicted as a man without a single redeeming feature; the girls suffer great privations;

the food is wretchedly bad and inadequate ; the bigger girls bully the little ones, who are forced to barter away their slices of bread before they are allowed to warm themselves at the solitary fire in the play-room. The girls are compelled to make forced marches to church on Sundays over miles of bleak, windswept moorland, so that the skin is all but flayed from their faces. But this is not all. Mr. Brocklehurst, on a periodic visit to the school, orders the girls to be paraded for his inspection ; he decrees that they shall all have their hair cropped short, because beautiful curls savour only too much of the world and the allurements of the devil. In such a manner does Charlotte Brontë present Cowan Bridge as Lowood School – a sort of penitentiary, a kind of Nazi prison camp, in fact—a *Dothegirls Hall.*

At such a school does little Jane, who so much wanted to love and be loved, spend her childhood days ; she finds a kindred spirit in another little girl named Helen Burns ; together they are happy, but Helen dies. Jane advances in years, becomes a pupil teacher, she reaches the age of eighteen, she conceives a desire to see the world outside the prison walls. " My world had for some years been in Lowood : my experience had been of its rules and systems ; now I remembered that the real world was wide, and that a varied field of hopes and fears, of sensations and excitements, awaited those who had courage to go forth into its expanse, to seek real knowledge of life amidst its perils. . . . I desired liberty ; for liberty I gasped ; for liberty I uttered a prayer ; it seemed scattered on the wind then faintly blowing. I abandoned it and framed a humbler supplication ; for change, stimulus : that petition, too, seemed swept off into vague space. ' Then,' I cried half desperate, ' grant me at least a new servitude.' " Jane Eyre leaves Lowood School and obtains a position as governess to Adèle, the ward of Mr. Edward Rochester, of Thornfield Hall.

VI

Such, then, was the first part of the story which took London by storm in October, 1847. On its publication copies were presented to a few individuals who had considerable standing in the world of letters ; they all returned expressions of high praise for the author, and W. M. Thackeray, in a note to the publishers, commented on the extraordinary power and merits of the book. In view of the foregoing, considerable interest attaches itself to a statement made by Dickens in a letter to Forster a week or two after the publication of *Jane Eyre*. " Shall I leave you *my* life in MS. when I die ? " writes Dickens. " There are some things in it which might touch you very much," and the interest is heightened by the fact that the November number of *The Examiner*, of which Forster was editor-in-chief, was the first periodical of standing to publish a notice of *Jane Eyre*, a notice written in terms " full of hearty yet delicate and discriminating praise." The critique afforded Charlotte Brontë much pleasure and in a letter to her publishers dated the first of December, 1847, she writes : " The notice in *The Examiner* gratified me very much ; it appears to be from the pen of an able man who has understood what he undertakes to criticise ; a course of approbation from such a quarter is encouraging to an author and I trust it will prove beneficial to the work." Although Charlotte Brontë did not, at first, know the author of the critique, and, in fact, inclined to the belief that it was the work of Albany Fonblanque, subsequent correspondence points to it having been written by John Forster : " I am willing to be judged by *The Examiner*" she writes. " I like *The Examiner*," and then adds : " Am I wrong in supposing the critique to be written by Mr. Fonblanque ? But whether it is by him or Forster, I am thankful." When later she had paid a visit to London and had been introduced to a party of her

critics, among whom John Forster figured prominently, she occasionally makes kindly reference to him and his paper. " I by no means dislike Mr. Forster—quite the contrary," she writes.

From the foregoing the present writer conjectures that the story of *Jane Eyre* was known to Dickens; that he was impressed by the graphic and moving description of the little orphan girl and that it turned his thoughts to his own young days—to the manuscript in which he had set down the actual history of his childhood—a manuscript containing facts which were not to be imparted to anyone until after his death. In the year 1848, however, Forster records that Dickens was moved to take him into his confidence and revealed some of the facts. " We shall speak of it all, you and I, Heaven grant . . . many and many a time in after years," wrote Dickens. " In the meantime I am more at rest for having opened all my heart and mind to you." And Forster adds: " We had never had such intimate confidences . . . and it was the very depth of our interest in the opening of his fragment (of autobiography) that led to the larger design." Finally, it is established that in the later part of the year 1848 " Dickens's thoughts were turning much to the form his next book should assume "; that *Jane Eyre* came out in a third edition; that *The Examiner* published another notice on Charlotte Brontë's work; that Forster suggested to Dickens that he should write his next story in the first person, " a suggestion," says Forster, " which he took at once very gravely." *Jane Eyre* was a story written in the first person, and so was Dickens's *next story*—the story of David Copperfield.

In the next number of *The Dickensian* the writer hopes to draw some interesting comparisons between *Jane Eyre* and *David Copperfield* and to enlarge upon the outstanding characteristics of the two authors.

THE BIRTHDAY DINNER

LORD LEVERHULME'S TRIBUTE

THE celebration of the 135th aniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, on Friday, February 7th. This was the first occasion since 1940 that the celebration had taken place in the evening, for since that date it was possible to have a luncheon only. In spite of the very severe weather and the restrictions consequent upon the national fuel crisis there was a full and enthusiastic attendance.

Mr. Henry Charles Dickens, grandson of the novelist and President of the Dickens Fellowship, was in the chair, and among those present were several members of the Dickens family, representatives from Headquarters, Home County, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, and other Branches.

The toast to the Immortal Memory was proposed by Viscount Leverhulme, who was warmly cheered on rising. He said that he was honoured by having a grandson of the novelist in the chair, whose daughter, herself an authoress, had proved that literary talent still runs in the veins of the descendants of the great man. He thought that one of the qualifications of a proposer of this toast should be that he was a lover of Dickens, for without that love and admiration no attribute could confer a title to the duty.

He, the speaker, had supplemented what other qualifications he might have by bringing with him to this dinner his business colleague

Mr. Ralph Huffam and his wife. Dickens's full name was Charles John Huffam Dickens, and his guest, Mr. Huffam, was the great-grandson of Dickens's godfather. The speaker's own father, like so many other Victorian fathers, used, at each Christmas, to read aloud to the family *A Christmas Carol*, and although Richard Church in a recent article might doubt whether many people still continued the practice, he was unrepentant and unblushing in his assertion that with the approach of Christmas season he read the *Carol* or some other of the *Christmas Books*, and once, greatly daring, had attempted to act the part of "the stranger" (Edward Plummer) in *The Cricket on the Hearth*, rendering that obscure character not less obscure ; he remembered that the parson who took Caleb Plummer became so immersed in his part that he carried the voice and gestures of Caleb up the aisle and into the pulpit.

His first long novel by Dickens was *Oliver Twist* in its early three volume form given to him when he was at school by his uncle. Lord Leverhulme so enjoyed it that his father then gave him *David Copperfield*, of which, as he was only fifteen, he could only get through about two hundred pages. But a year or so later he started it again and eagerly finished it and the book became his favourite, for he had read it six or seven times. His reading of the other works followed inevitably.

Surveying literature as a whole he thought that once propaganda takes entire possession of a novelist, however much his skill as a propagandist may increase, his stature as a literary artist will diminish. But in *Hard Times*, once called the ugly duckling of the novels, Dickens did not allow this to happen, for although the author perhaps put propaganda first and story-telling second, as the story developed his social message emerged naturally, and it became clear that the key to any improvement in social conditions must be looked for in the hearts and minds of the people concerned. The more advanced reformers, at any rate those who were progressive and practical, are to be found in industry itself. Industrial legislation had been concerned in bringing all up to a standard just a little short of what the best employers in their day and generation were establishing of their own accord in their own undertakings. Dickens probably did more to foster good employers by creating Fezziwig and the brothers Cheeryble than he did in the delineation of Bounderby. He saw life as a gracious and beautiful thing and that more was needed than Mr. M'Choakumchild's facts and figures. Man was to be considered as an individual and not as a cog in a machine. Dickens was an extravert and not an introvert, and was always observing the world around him and the people in it, and from these observations created the characters we know so well, many of them so intimately that they are more real to us than living people. Those who celebrated the Pickwick Centenary rose and sang "For he's (not he was) a jolly good fellow."

Were "characters" getting fewer ? It would be a big price to pay for the scientific and educational *progress* of our day if we were to become a population of "penny-plains" without any "tuppence-coloured." History had thrown up names that have passed into our vocabularies, such as Machiavelli and Napoleon, and in literature the imaginative genius of Dickens had enriched our language more than any other author—except perhaps Shakespeare—with his Pickwick, Pecksniff, Stiggins, Uriah Heep and Micawber, to mention only a few that are constantly related to the characteristics they stand for. Quite recently the Chairman of one of our big banks used these words : "If the ship of industry is to make satisfactory progress in the troubled seas ahead she must be careened and from her hull must be scraped

away that vast accumulation of bureaucratic barnacles which has attached itself thereto in time of war." Mr. Tite Barnacle and the Circumlocution Office must have leapt to the mind of every Dickensian who heard or read those words, and to-day we could see Circumlocution in plenty. No reference, of course, was intended to any Civil Servant who might be present, but when he, the speaker, heard any reference to bureaucracy he was careful to use the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* as an illustration. Modern science explained the Fat Boy in terms of the suprarenal gland. If there were too little of it we wilted ; if too much we became adipose and lethargic. So the number in the Civil Service must bear proper relation to the population, for a swollen bureaucracy turned the body politic into a kind of Fat Boy.

Dickens, in his delineation of "character," was well served by his illustrators. Dickens and Phiz were an ideal partnership. Phiz drew the characters created by Boz ; Boz did not write stories around the pictures drawn by Phiz. Whether novels should be illustrated at all was a question for a Brains Trust rather than the theme for an after-dinner speech, but it would be conceded that no novels were more successfully illustrated than those of Dickens. When we think of a Dickens character we all conjure up in our minds the same person : "My Pickwick is your Pickwick, and your Micawber is my Micawber."

What was the secret of the Dickens spell ? One key to it could be found in the *Carol*. When Scrooge lay awake counting the chimes "the curtains of the bed were drawn aside ; and Scrooge . . . found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them ; as close to it as I am to you, and *I am standing in the spirit at your elbow*." Dickens was not just cold print ; the author was with us, at our elbow, telling us the story. It was not just an accident that they called themselves the Dickens Fellowship and not the Dickens Society. Many of our great poets and authors had bodies of admirers to do them honour, but they were invariably "societies." Fellowship was the word that Dickens himself would have chosen, for through his writings he founded a great bond of fellowship and friendship that had its influence wherever his books were read.

"And so I add my humble tribute to those which have gone before and ask you to join me in paying homage to

The Immortal Memory of Charles Dickens."

The toast of the Branches of Dickens Fellowship was given by Mr. Leslie C. Staples, and Mr. A. S. Mason, of Liverpool, responded.

Mr. Percy Merriman, the Honorary Secretary, read telegrams and messages from Branches in England and from Overseas.

The President then recalled that he had last summer offered a prize of a personal relic of Charles Dickens for the best selection of three passages from his grandfather's works other than the famous novels. He had now the pleasure to announce that a committee of independent judges had awarded the prize to Mrs. Gwen Major, and then handed to her a perpetual calendar from Dickens's desk. Mrs. Major was heartily cheered upon her success.

The toast of the Chairman was proposed in happy terms by Mr. Collin Brooks, of *Truth*, and Mr. Dickens made a characteristic response.

During the evening musical entertainment was provided, and Mr. Percy Merriman gave selections from his repertoire of impersonations of characters from Dickens's books.

THE *CHILD'S HISTORY*

By FRANK A. GIBSON

I

THE common idea about the English history that Dickens wrote for children—his own primarily—is that it is rather a lapse of the great author's. Dickens, says one authority, "dropped into history": he even dropped into it "occasionally"—not quite so far (nor, we might add, so occasionally) as Silas Wegg dropped into poetry, but sufficiently far to justify a slightly patronising and pitying tone in commentators. Lacking "the self-sufficiency of the classical man," he was not, it seems, without "the audacity of the self-made variety" in presuming, as he himself put it, to entertain "some idea of writing my eldest son a Child's History of England to the end that he may have tender-hearted notions of War and Murder, and may not fix his affections on wrong heroes, or see the bright side of Glory's sword and know nothing of the rusty one." William Allingham wrote in his diary in 1853 of Dickens's "cockney History of England." Forster thought Dickens had not quite "hit the mark" with the book. G. K. Chesterton said that "while the Pictures from Italy do in a sense add to his fame, the History of England in almost every sense detracts from it." Chesterton was himself so sweeping in all his views and opinions he acquired this habit, as we know, in addition to a good half of all his opinions, from an early practice of frantic and interminable argument with his brother, Cecil—that it would not be altogether unfair to dub him an intellectual Podsnap. Dickens, wrote Chesterton, was "as English as any Podsnap"; to which the obvious retort is that Chesterton was as Podsnappian as any Englishman. Left and right went his broom and away flew facts as well as illusions. There is, however, in nearly all criticism of Dickens an element inviting the Carlylean formula: "All which Propositions I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying"; and the reason is sufficiently plain: we are Toms, Dicks and Harrys (with an occasional Gilbert): it is not for us Lilliputians to examine the great Gulliver too critically: we are more often right when we examine and appreciate his magnitude. And how right was Chesterton when he exclaimed that upon Dickens descended the real tradition of "Merry England," rather than upon "the pallid medievalists who thought they were reviving it." "He was much more medieval in his attacks on medievalism than they were in their defence of it."

"It was Dickens," writes Chesterton in the same passage of his famous monograph, "who had the things of Chaucer, the love of large jokes and long stories and brown ale and all the white roads of England . . . Sam Weller would have been a great gain to the Canterbury Pilgrimage and told an admirable story. Rossetti's Damozel would have been a great bore."

It was Dickens, Chesterton might have added, who, in the History he wrote for his children, reminded not merely them but a wider audience of the simple facts of honesty and truthfulness and good humour which shine in Chaucer's Tales like a beacon light in the darkness of history. To do this may be very simple; it may not add to the fame of a great novelist; but it is quite wrong to suggest that this task, performed by a master hand, detracts in any sense from the fame of Dickens.

It cannot be too much emphasised, in considering the *Child's History*, that though Dickens had no ambition to pose as a historian he did take his task seriously. It has been suggested that because the History was published in instalments during two years he was "rather languid about the matter." The picture of Dickens being languid about

anything is rather striking; his languor, one imagines, would have been in any one else a state of high nervous excitement. The fact is that the history is written not merely with all Dickens's usual care and conciseness but does give the salient facts of English history—a much more troublesome task than the conjuring up of characters and images in his novels. The suggestion that Dickens copied the history from some elementary book, interlarding the facts of popular acceptance with his own moral remarks, may be dismissed as absurd; Dickens was not that sort of man. The writer who objected so strongly to "frauds on the fairies" would not have perpetrated that kind of fraud on his own children. Moreover, it would appear that Dickens was not satisfied with his first attempt. He wrote in 1843 to Douglas Jerrold: "I am writing a little history of England for my boy which I will send you when it is printed for him," and this "little history of England" was never finished. Dickens probably read a fair amount of history before publishing the instalments of the later *Child's History*. In no other way could he have gained sufficient interest to produce a satisfactory result. The intermittent publication is doubtless explained by the fact that he did not always find time to decide what were the most acceptable facts and the most appropriate opinions. But we may be sure that he wrote neither the one nor the other carelessly. And we can discount the idea that Dickens dictated the whole to his sister-in-law, for a portion at least of the manuscript is in his own handwriting, with corrections agreeing exactly with the text as published.

II

It has been suggested that Dickens based his History on the work of Dr. Lingard, and this is very probable; indeed, in one instance, Andrew Lang showed that it was so, for both Dickens and Lingard repeat the dubious statement about the settlement on Joan of Arc of "the income of a count." It may be that in his story of this religious enthusiast Dickens would have done better to have followed Hume rather than Lingard. It is foolish to dismiss Dickens's account of Joan as a description of "a fractious child." Dickens wrote, in referring to the monument to her at Rouen: "I know some statues of modern times—even in the world's metropolis, I think—which commemorate less constancy, less earnestness, smaller claims upon the world's attention, and much greater imposters." But if he had followed Hume he might have given his children a slightly more plausible account of Joan's career, while avoiding even this modified use of the term "imposter."

Exactly to what extent Dickens followed Lingard has not apparently been ascertained. Lingard's Catholicism would have troubled Dickens as little as it troubled others in an age whose easy tolerance had yet to be challenged by Pio Nono's *Syllabus Errorum*—with its rebuke to the principles of toleration; but it is clear that Lingard's cautious apology for Mary I fell on unusually deaf ears so far as Dickens was concerned. Nor does the reader of the *Child's History* detect the slightest sign of Dickens being influenced by Lingard's equivocations about the respective cases of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard. Such instances of Dickens's comparative reliability could no doubt be multiplied. It might well be Lingard whom Dickens had in mind when he wrote of "Bloody Queen Mary": "Her memory has been held in such abhorrence that some writers have arisen in later years to take her part, and to show that she was, upon the whole, quite an amiable and cheerful sovereign!" But it was certainly not Lingard who inspired Dickens's closing remarks upon Henry the Eighth, that he had been "favoured by some Protestant writers because the Reformation was achieved in his time. But the mighty merit of it lies with other men and not with him . . ."

It should not be forgotten, too, that the famous false book-backs at Gads Hill included the set, *The Wisdom of our Ancestors*—I, "Ignorance"; II, "Superstition"; III, "The Block"; IV, "The Stake"; V, "The Rack"; VI, "Dirt"; VII, "Disease"; all of which, excepting only the last, are often confused, though obviously not by Dickens, with the Catholic virtues. There was a historical flavour about many of these book-backs. The "ancestral wisdom" set had as pendant *The Virtues of our Ancestors*, a one-volume work which was so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise. In contrast was the truly monumental *Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington*, in fifteen portly volumes—a tribute, doubtless, to the Wellington of Reform and 1830.

One of the most ingenious arguments advanced against the *Child's History* is that it divides mankind into sheep and goats; "the wickedness of his villains," Sir Robertson Nicoll said, "is always flaming and blazing like a house on fire." The black in Dickens is always too black, the white too white; by inference, children should be shown a dull, uniform grey before passing to the "larger and better" books on history to which Dickens intended his book to be an introduction. The argument is ingenious because it does not require much reflection to see that Dickens never compromised with evil; and this leads too easily to the assumption that his characters are either villains or saints—a notion which collapses immediately it is examined. Dickens loathed the thought of Henry VIII and the torturers of Joan of Arc, but it would be very childish to assume that he was unaware that certain other people did not detest them; he knew only too well that but for such people Henry VIII and the torturers could not have existed. In our day we have the example of "the good that Hitler did in Germany"—a "good" about which the gods, if no one else, have not yet finished laughing.

III

At times, it would appear, we tend to become satiated with Dickens; and though this is a fault peculiar in the case of Dickens it is one for which he can in no way be blamed. We do not grow weary of Thackeray, of Trollope, of Hall Caine, of Marie Corelli and Arnold Bennet, chiefly because we do not read them. We speak with enthusiasm of their characterisation, their prose, their humour, but, undisturbed on the library shelves, they do not bore us, and we are duly grateful. Some such misplaced blame is responsible for the neglect of that most entertaining and useful work, the *Child's History*. Dickens was not a historian—but (unlike one or two of our contemporaries) he did not pretend to be; his history was a "cockney" history—but only a cockney would know what that meant; his history was "childish," when it was merely written for children. He drew a moral from history, when, after all, that is what history is for. We in this day, it is true, have less need to go to history for the moral; we have seen and are seeing the moral in hard fact and bitter experience. The moral that Dickens wished to draw from history was that war and murder, robbery and violence, deception and falsehood are detestable and catastrophic to the end of time—all very childish, laughably so, to a Hitler, a Mussolini or a Goebbels.

While exposing ruthlessly the crime, perfidy and folly often masquerading as romance in the pages of history, Dickens never loses an opportunity of commending any happier element. He is not always at his best in this, any more than he would be necessarily at his best in relating instead of history a fairy tale. History may be—in fact almost certainly is—largely what is now called propaganda, but it is not a fairy tale. Fairy tales are characterised by the keeping of promises, just as history is characterised by the breaking of them.

Macaulay complained that the histories of his time were either maps or landscapes, showing too much or too little. Dickens's history avoids both these extremes, giving as it were a bird's eye view of the story of England. Its brevity is quite intentional, "short work for both of us," reader and writer—a phrase used in the chapter on Henry III.

With the exception of minor characters, there is only one bad woman in the history, "Bloody Mary"—which is one more than in Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, in which there is no woman at all.

IV

Quite understandably, Dickens gives much space to the tyranny of the Tudors and Stuarts, and the impartial seeker after truth will find in his chapters, if not the whole truth, at least nothing so childish as the accepted view of modern historians that "the keynote of Tudor Government was king-worship, not despotism." In his long chapter on the tragedy of Charles, Dickens avoids, too, the errors of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in attributing all blame to one side or the other though, with the writings of Carlyle freshly before him and Hitler yet unborn, Dickens was unable to draw the inevitable comparison between two military dictatorships.

Nor does he explain why the ruffianly Henry died peacefully in his bed, while the gentlemanly Charles perished on the scaffold; finance was not a great preoccupation of the Victorian era.

With his 37th chapter Dickens reached the close of the "glorious revolution" of 1688 and of his history, his abrupt conclusion of which has been criticised almost as much and as unjustly as the preceding portions. The two or three hundred words of this concluding chapter may, however, be commended to all those who wish to brush up hastily their hazy notions of events subsequent to "1066 and all that." Dickens's history is, on the whole, the history that was sought by the legendary king who, as Anatole France relates, commanded in vain abridgment after abridgment of the story of those "who lived, who suffered and who died." Giving a slightly fuller account than the summary of the dying king's last historian, it is an adequate and useful book, hitting exactly the mark aimed at.

Andrew Lang, in his Gad's Hill Edition preface, pecks at the *Child's History*, as he pecks, appreciatively or otherwise, at Dickens's other works; but though, as he says, "the grown-up reader will be entertained throughout by vivacities on which criticism may frown," he is forced to conclude that "the readers are very few who will not know more when they close than they did when they opened the History." In drawing attention again to this undeservedly neglected but as all will agree most characteristic work of Dickens, mention should be made of the admirable "Table of the Reigns" and the "Chronological Table and Contents," which rescue our ignorance or confirm our knowledge at a glance. We all know about 1066, and some of us, greatly daring, have even ventured to extend our recollection to another date with sixes in it: 1666, the year of the Great Fire of London—an achievement explaining an otherwise unaccountable knowledge of the date of the Great Plague; but with the "Table of the Reigns" in front of us we perceive at once things we either never knew or have long forgotten. How many grown-ups remember that the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, about which there has been all our Carlylean pother and fuss, lasted only five years, or two years less than the second world war? "Bloody Mary's" score was also only five and was gloriously eclipsed by Elizabeth's forty-five. (Apologists for the one should not forget the much shorter innings.) The "six boy kings" (whoever they were—but Dickens will tell you) apparently batted together in true Dickensian style, and beat all

records with a score of 75. Henry III and George III were the next best (or was it worst ?) with 56 and 60 respectively. Victoria's glorious innings was still in progress ; and owners of the *Child's History* should complete Dickens's compilation by adding after " The Reign of Victoria began in 1837 " : " ended in "—when was it ? ; " and lasted "—how many years ?

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY AS A FILM

HARD upon the triumphant appearance of the film of *Great Expectations* came that of Ealing Studios's screen version of *Nicholas Nickleby*. As perhaps was to be expected, the films have

Newman Noggs, Smike and Nicholas.

been compared and contrasted *ad nauseum* by critics and public alike, but could any such action be less fruitful or less fair ? Cavalcanti, the director of the second film, had an infinitely more difficult task than David Lean, who, in *Great Expectations*, had a closely knit plot, replete with romance and mystery, essentially dramatic in character. The early picaresque novels present all but insuperable difficulties to those who adapt them for stage or screen. With *Nicholas Nickleby*, it seems to me that the task has been admirably performed, recognising that perfection is unattainable in the translation of a work of art from one medium to another. It was amusing to note that some of the film's critics complained that the canvas was too full, a somewhat ungracious plea and directly opposed to the usual complaint that the critic's favourite character had been omitted. What we do see is a cavalcade of the colourful episodes and rich characterisation of this exuberant book producing a similar effect of prodigal profusion to that experienced by the reader. There are several possible film plots in *Nicholas Nickleby;* but Ealing Studios set out to mirror Dickens's complete design upon the screen as far as the two hour's traffic of the

cinema allows. The result is as near perfection as any reasonable Dickensian could expect. Few liberties are taken with the story and those only in the interest of dramatic cohesion. The sense of period is unerring and the sets admirable.

It is, however, upon the acting of the total of some forty speaking parts of the film that the interest in it will chiefly centre. A very notable cast was assembled ; it reads like a theatrical *Who's Who*. The story rests principally in the hands of Nicholas and Kate with their mother and Uncle Ralph. The others come and go, but this quartet remain constantly before us. As Nicholas, Derek Bond is completely successful. Handsome, manly and intensely alive, there is no hint of the *walking gentleman* which is often all that can be achieved by actors

Verisopht, Hawk, Kate, Mrs. Nickleby and Ralph.

in such rôles. He holds the eye no matter how fine a piece of character acting shares the screen with him. Sally Ann Howes brings an unusual beauty and spirited sincerity to the part of Kate and Mary Merrall's splendid diction is of inestimable value to the prattlings of Mrs. Nickleby. Against this trio is pitted the relentless, granite-like quality of Cedric Hardwicke's remarkable Ralph, which derives considerable strength from the delicately drawn Newman Noggs of Bernard Miles. As is the case of his recent Joe Gargery, Mr. Miles is again not fitted physically, but he gives a subtle humour to the pathetic figure which holds the spectator's full attention. The final scene between master and man is one of the finest in the film.

The Dotheboys scenes in their power and intensity fairly seize one by the throat. Squeers in the hands of Alfred Drayton is that sadistic monster to the life ; a creature of intense ferocity. He is ably seconded by Sybil Thorndike, whose Mrs. Squeers is one of the characters who might have stepped out of the *Phiz* plates, by Vida Hope, a Fanny who is considerably less ill-favoured than is usual, but whose lisping simpering achieved much in a short space, and, above all, by Aubrey

Woods. Here was the great surprise of the film. Possibly the producer's biggest hurdle, Smike was put upon the screen by this unknown young student from R.A.D.A. with a success beyond all praise. It seemed to go beyond acting—here was the veritable Smike of the book, commanding our sympathies to the full. A superb performance, surely the foundation of a distinguished career.

To pass to the Portsmouth scenes, the little auditorium we know so well in our *Phiz* was exquisitely reproduced. Here declaimed the Crummles of Stanley Holloway, curiously lithe of figure and luxuriant of hair, but the sure touch of this fine comedian quickly made one forget these discrepancies; every word making its potent effect. Vera Pearce renders substantial support in every way as his spouse.

Alfred Mantalini, in the hands of Cyril Fletcher, something bare of of face, is not quite the Alfred of our dreams and his "life's joy" (Fay Compton) is less exuberant than we could wish. Athene Seyler, however, is admirable as La Creevy, a completely satisfying piece of characterisation.

One would like to appraise the players of the smaller rôles in similar fashion, but space will not permit. A word should, however, be said for the Verisopht of Tim Bateson, a surprisingly original reading of a difficult character. The accent is laid upon his extreme youth as contrasted with the mature villainy of the more elderly Hawk, a conception fully justified by excellent results.

Enough, I hope, has been written to show how ably has been marshalled this "glorious host to keep us company." It is another triumph for British films.

Two hundred members of the Dickens Fellowship were the guests of Ealing Studios at a special performance of the film at a private cinema in Wardour Street on March 4th. Dame Sybil Thorndike, Miss Sally Ann Howes, Miss Mary Merrall, Mr. Derek Bond and Mr. Stanley Holloway were also present. Mr. Leslie C. Staples expressed the thanks of the Fellowship to the Directors of Ealing Studios for their hospitality. The public *première* took place at the Odeon Cinema, Leicester Square, on March 13th. The Hon. Secretary and members of the Dickens family were the guests of the producers. L. C. S.

THE DICKENS HOUSE ENDOWMENT FUND
(WALTER DEXTER MEMORIAL)

Thirteen Hundred Pounds.—A fourth share of the proceeds of (and donations to) the Royal World Première of the Cineguild film, *Great Expectations*, December 16th, 1946.
Thirty-five Pounds.—Vancouver Branch.
Ten Pounds.—Los Angeles Branch.
Six Pounds Five Shillings.—Mr. J. Greaves (key drawing and recitals).
Six Pounds Two Shillings and Sixpence.—Manchester Branch (Mr. Leslie C. Staples's lecture).
Four Pounds Twelve Shillings.—Mr. F. W. Ellis.
Three Pounds.—Mrs. Wisdom (in memory of Miss Frances Jolly).
Two Pounds Six Shillings and Threepence.—Tewkesbury Branch.
Two Pounds Four Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. Robertson (lecture).
Two Guineas.—Maryville Branch.
One Guinea.—Miss H. Grace Campbell. Mr. W. J. Carlton. The Lady Agnes Durham.
One Pound.—A. C. Taylor (Edmonton Branch).
Fifteen Shillings.—Miss M. Bovingdon. Mr. T. W. Hill. Miss N. E. Perry.
Fourteen Shillings and Fivepence.—Collectors' Circle.
Twelve Shillings.—Mrs. Gambrill.
Ten Shillings.—Mrs. Perks (St. Pancras Branch).
Four Shillings and Fourpence.—Mr. James McCurrach.
Three Shillings and Sixpence.—Mrs. Behrens.
Total to date, £2572 5*s.* 9*d.*

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE

We are privileged to reproduce two beautiful drawings of No. 1 Devonshire Terrace, by Mr. Percy Home, the Art Editor of *The Sphere*, by the courtesy of that journal, the artist, and the Misses Dingley, the present owners of the historic house. It became known a year or so ago that it was scheduled for demolition to make way for a building development and that efforts to save it were not likely to be rewarded with success. Another effort is being made and it is understood that the L.C.C. is now much more favourably inclined to its preservation. Having become almost reconciled to its disappearance at no distant date, there is now excellent justification for hoping that the house may be spared.

A fine house of its period, it is not generally known that it has literary associations other than those with Dickens. It was the first London home of George du Maurier, whose parents brought him here as a child of five, in 1839, only a few months before Dickens's arrival, as related in *The du Mauriers*, by Daphne du Maurier.

It was to this "house of great promise (and great premium) undeniable situation and excessive splendour," that Dickens removed on leaving Doughty Street in 1839. Here he completed *Barnaby Rudge* and wrote *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield* and three of the *Christmas Books*. He left in 1851 for Tavistock House.

The present second storey was inserted between Dickens's first floor and the attics; otherwise the house is very much as it was, together with the stables which housed "Grip" in the care of the groom, Topping.

Readers will be interested to compare the drawing opposite with that of Maclise which appears in Forster's *Life*.

A happy hour was spent in the house not long ago by a large party of the Dickens Fellowship as the guests of their fellow members, the Misses Dingley, who now use the house as musical and dancing studios. The beautiful mahogany doors and marble overmantles installed by Dickens are still *in situ* as well as the pair of columns which served as supports for the stage proscenium of Dickens's amateur theatricals. But better even than these is the graceful staircase shown in Mr. Home's sketch on the next page.

L. C. S.

ON *EDWIN DROOD*

An essay on the technique employed by Dickens in writing his last work appears in a volume recently published by V. S. Pritchett (*The Living Novel*, Chatto and Windus, 8*s*. 6*d*.).

We read: "When Wilkie Collins wrote *The Moonstone* and Dickens, not to be outdone, followed it with *Edwin Drood*, we begin the long career of murder for murder's sake, murder which illustrates nothing and is there only to stimulate our skill in detection and to distract us with mystery." Are we to believe that Dickens's "incommunicable idea; difficult to work" was to be no more than "murder for murder's sake"? Mr. Pritchett will find a better reception among Dickensians for the confession that he is "not greatly interested in the literary criticism which tells where he is good and where he is bad. I am glad to be instructed; but for us, at the present time, I think there is far more value in trying to appreciate the nature of his creative vitality and the experience which fed it—a vitality notably lacking in our own fiction."

L. C. S.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY

ON THE BOARDS

By MALCOLM MORLEY

LIKE *Oliver Twist*, the appearance of *Nicholas Nickleby* as a monthly serial brought a number of stage versions into the London theatres long before the novel had ended its course. The first instalment of Boz's new story was in April, 1838. The novel was but one third finished when semblances of the characters in it were in action on the stage of the Adelphi, where manager Yates was first in the theatrical field with an adaptation by Edward Stirling. This was given on Monday, November 19th, 1838, as *Nicholas Nickleby*, a farce in two acts. Such description is a misnomer. There is little

Scene from *Nicholas Nickleby*, Adelphi Theatre, 1838
by courtesy of the The *Enthoven Collection*, Victoria and Albert Museum.

farce in the piece where the emphasis is upon the woes of Smike and the villainies of Ralph Nickleby, which alternate with the gallantries of Mantalini in a plot that is far more Stirling than Boz. The end sees Smike provided with papers which it is proclaimed "place him far beyond the reach of poverty." Whereupon the lad steps forward and speaks the tag line, calling the audience a numerous circle of kind friends whose support he asks for the future career of Smike and Nicholas Nickleby.

Although Dickens groaned that an indecent assault had been committed upon his book and that Stirling had hacked, cut and garbled its dialogue to the shape of one or two favourite actors, he commended a number of the individual performances: the Newman Noggs of O. Smith and the Smike of Mrs. Keeley, while to Frederick Yates he wrote "your glorious Mantalini is beyond all praise." Rather opposed to Dickens is a criticism to the effect that Yates in the part was a caricature of a caricature. There was no dissent, however, about the Smike of Mrs. Keeley, a poignant performance and in every respect the counterpart of the drawings of Phiz. Other semblances in the Adelphi production were Squeers by J. P. Wilkinson, the dry comedian who had already played in versions of *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*. John Browdie by Harry Beverley of the scene-painting family, Mrs.

Squeers by the imposing Mrs. Fosbroke, Madame Mantalini by Miss Shaw, Ralph Nickleby by J. Cullenford and Nicholas by J. Webster, a good-looking but tame *jeune premier*.

At this period the Adelphi, with other theatres north of the Thames, in Middlesex, was not allowed by law to give dramatic representations during the Wednesdays and Fridays of Lent. It was an inexorable command but Yates never brooked defeat. The playhouses south of the Thames, in Surrey, were under another ruling and were not forbidden to be dramatic, or melodramatic, on those specific Lenten days. Accordingly the Adelphi manager made an arrangement with G. B. Davidge, of the Surrey Theatre over Blackfriars Bridge. Yates was to transfer his company there on the evenings it was not permitted to act at the Adelphi, bringing across the Thames certain of the plays produced at the last-mentioned house. In this manner the Stirling

Scene from *Nicholas Nickleby*, Adelphi Theatre, 1838
by courtesy of the *Enthoven Collection*, Victoria and Albert Museum.

Nicholas Nickleby reached the Surrey Theatre on February 15th, 1839, considerably revised for the occasion in order that the play might accord more with the additional monthly numbers of the novel issued in the interim. The resident company at the Surrey shared the bill with the Adelphi Company and that same evening gave the 74th performance of George Almar's dramatisation of *Oliver Twist* (the one recorded in a recent article in *The Dickensian*).

The linking together of *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* in the same programme was not original to the Surrey. It had been done at the City of London two months earlier. When *Nicholas Nickleby*, or, *The Schoolmaster at Home and Abroad*, adapted by George Dibden Pitt (author of *Sweeney Todd*), was produced on December 17th, 1838, at that theatre then under the management of David Osbaldistone, *Oliver Twist* was already in the repertory and the two works were played together for a time. Mr. and Mrs. E. Green were in the cast of Pitt's Nickleby adaptation, and Smike was acted by Eliza Vincent, very much the leading lady of Osbaldistone. Their elopement a few years earlier had been an outstanding theatrical sensation.

This second stage *Nicholas* behaved very much like the first for a revised edition of the piece was given at the City of London on March

11th, 1839, one written to conform with the extra instalments of the story. And both the Adelphi and City of London Theatres, in addition to revising their plays, were later to provide them with sequels.

Edward Stirling, most persistent of adapters, had not finished with *Nicholas Nickleby*. When the novel was completed and all numbers published, his *The Fortunes of Smike*, or *A Sequel to Nicholas Nickleby*, a drama (be it noted) in two acts, was produced at the Adelphi on March 2nd, 1840. The parts were allotted much as in the previous dramatisation at that theatre, though two changes of importance were made. Webster was replaced by the more vigorous Saville as Nicholas. Droll little Buckstone succeeded O. Smith in the rôle of Newman Noggs; it was the comic superseding the melodramatic. New characters were introduced including the Cherryble Brothers, to say nothing of Vincent Crummles in the likeness of fat and fatuous Paul Bedford. Like most sequels, *The Fortunes of Smike* was not as successful as the work it followed.

The City of London, about the same time, also brought out a stage continuation of the novel, presumably one made by Dibden Pitt, for he himself played Squeers in *The Second Part of Nicholas Nickleby*. Eliza Vincent was still Smike and John Gardner, a very low comedian, came upon the scene as Vincent Crummles.

To return to the early chapters of the novel, other stage versions seem to have been given round this period at the Minor theatres and in the provinces, but no West-Central London playhouse produced a new adaptation until May 20th, 1839, when *Nicholas Nickleby and Poor Smike*, or *The Victim of the Yorkshire School*, by W. T. Moncrieff, was seen at the Strand. It was a compilation of which Boz thoroughly disapproved and an amount of acrimonious correspondence was published relating to the matter. Dickens was helpless. The laws of copyright then afforded no protection to a novelist whose stories could be taken by anybody, chopped and changed at will, and churned into a play.

Moncrieff, the dramatist, had been blind for five years but bravely carried on with his work, hack or otherwise. Every year saw a number of plays from his pen. However compassionate Dickens may have been, he had every right to object to the extra material that Moncrieff introduced into *Nicholas Nickleby* in order to terminate the plot. The final issue had not been reached in the serial publication when, at the Strand, the dramatist made Smike turn out to be the son of Ralph Nickleby and paired the boy off with Kate Nickleby. The play was episodic and, as a whole, lacked unity. Among the several episodes used were the party at Ralph Nickleby's, the introduction of Kate to Madame Mantalini, Mr. and Mrs. Mantalini, Dotheboys Hall and Tea with John Browdie at the Saracen's Head. Nicholas was played by Burton, Mantalini by J. Lee, and Madame Mantalini by Mrs. Selby. Squeers was taken by W. Attwood and Miss Squeers by Miss Melville. The Newman Noggs of W. Bennett was nothing like Boz, and Ellen Daly, a clever comic actress, was quite unsuited to Smike. The character of the foppish and foolish Lord Verisopht was assigned to Lee Moreton, the *nom du théatre* then used by the Dion Boucicault that was to be and, at that time, only some seventeen years old. Two decades later he was to father a dramatic version of *Nicholas Nickleby* in America.

The same evening as the Strand production came an anonymous dramatisation *Poor Smike*, or *Dotheboys Hall* at the Royal Victoria Theatre as the Old Vic, our own Old Vic, was then officially called. The fact that several of the players in this production, Cullenford, Wilkinson and Harry Beverley among them, had been in *Nicholas Nickleby* at the Adelphi suggests that the Victoria play may have been Stirling's first adaptation or, perhaps, a re-vamping of it.

Following these early dramatisations, a stream of plays taken from the story was to flow freely into the theatres. The list is long from the first to the latest version given last year by one of the Children's Theatre Groups.

It is generally accepted that Vincent Crummles, the theatrical manager so mercilessly lampooned by Dickens in *Nicholas Nickleby* was T. D. Davenport and the Crummles child, the Infant Phenomenon, was modelled on his daughter, Jean, an actress of considerable repute in her prime. Charles Lander, a relative and the adopted son of Jean Davenport, definitely affirmed these identifications in his letter to the *Daily Telegraph* quoted by Adair Fitzgerald in *Dickens and the Drama*. An actor of ability Charles Lander played a great deal in London. A handsome, self-sufficient old gentleman in the thirties of the present century, he made one of his last appearances on the stage in *The Silver Box* during the Rosmer-Morley régime at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead.

T. D. Davenport is the manager with whom the youthful Charles Dickens is said to have enlisted and from whose company he was dismissed with the admonition, "Young man, get back to your scribbling." Though there does exist an element of the apocryphal, it is of interest to try and define the time and place when that young man might have been under the Davenport banner. Rayner's New Subscription Theatre in the Strand opened in January, 1832, and the Stage Manager of that establishment was T. D. Davenport. Because of the monopoly held by the patent theatres, the Strand, as it was shortly afterwards called, could only be regarded as an illegal playhouse. It existed precariously and by all manner of devices, one being the distribution of free tickets to purchasers of sweets at enhanced prices from a neighbouring confectioner. An ounce of rose lozenges for 4/- gave admission to the boxes and ½ ounce of peppermint drops at 2/- supplied a pass to the pit.

In May of the same year Davenport broke away from the Strand and set up for himself in a new playhouse of a similarly illegal nature. This was the Westminster Subscription Theatre in Tothill Street which opened under his management on May 17th, 1832. The plays that evening, tried and true, were *The Beehive*, *The Rendezvous* and *Jeanne d'Arc*, the manager's wife playing the heroine in the last. Every kind of stratagem was employed to avoid the law of closure and keep the theatre open. The manager reigned on uneasy territory for a year or more, abdicating before the Lord Chamberlain arose in his wrath in 1835 and closed both the Strand and the Westminster Subscription Theatres. The former fought back and lived to be a famous London playhouse; the Westminster ended its career for ever with the official clamping down upon its activities.

Leaving Tothill Street, Davenport went into the country, rented the Chichester Theatre and worked a circuit from there, visiting with his company the neighbouring towns. After Chichester he became the manager of the Richmond Theatre in 1837, and it was here that his daughter, Jean, stated to be only nine, played such parts as Richard III and Shylock. An Infant Phenomenon indeed!

Was it at Westminster, at Chichester and roundabout, or at Richmond that Boz made his trial of the professional stage, always assuming that for a brief period he was a fledgling actor with Davenport? A little investigation might prove a lot. In the meantime, though with lack of direct evidence, let it be said it is not wholly impossible that Dickens trod the boards of the Westminster Subscription Theatre in 1832 or 1833.

His dismissal, if so it was, he resented and hit back at Davenport through the pages of *Nicholas Nickleby*. In the person of the glori-

ously vain egotist Vincent Crummles, he trounced his ex-employer. Members of the manager's troupe were also assigned a place in the novel where Charles Dickens, himself, took stock of things as the observant observer, Nicholas.

The chapters devoted to Crummles and Company were to find their way to the stage in a one-act farce attributed to Henry Horncastle, *The Savage and the Maiden*, or *Crummles and His Daughter*, on May 31st, 1844, at the Grecian Saloon, later named the Grecian Theatre. Thomas Rouse, the proprietor of this establishment in the City Road, was producing opera in English, and Horncastle, a vocalist newly returned from the United States, was engaged as a member of the company. He brought with him this extract of Dickens in which acting and the ways of theatrical management were rudely burlesqued. It had been a great success when originally produced at the Olympic Theatre, New York, on January 15th, 1840, under the management of Mitchell, who played Crummles. Horncastle himself had appeared as Nicholas and the famous Madame Celeste, billed in those days as La Petite Celeste, was Crummles's daughter.

It is something of a coincidence that T. D. Davenport had gone into management on a considerably higher scale the year that *The Savage and the Maiden* was given at the Grecian. He took a lease of the Olympic Theatre and here his phenomenal daughter, Jean, now well into her teens, enacted Juliet, Desdemona and other classic rôles. She afterwards established herself in America, married a General Lander (later killed in the Civil War) and became a prominent star as Jean Davenport Lander. Incidentally she was the first actress to play *Camille* in the United States.

When *The Savage and the Maiden* was revived at the Strand Theatre on March 14th, 1848 (not July, 1838, as stated by Fitzgerald), it was renamed *The Crummleses*, or *A Rehearsal Rehearsed*. Henry Horncastle was no longer a light-weight Nicholas but a heavy-weight Crummles. Vain and glorious Vincent, his reign on the stage continued. Nigel Playfair's amusing production of *When Crummles Played*, at the Lyric, Hammersmith, in 1927, saw him triumph yet again.

Returning to the piece when played at the Grecian, it is more than likely that the great little Robson was in the cast. Some time that year that tragic-comic genius had joined Rouse's Company at the theatre. *The Savage and the Maiden* needed a large number of people and any one of several parts would have given scope to his comic bent. What a satisfying find a playbill of the date, May 31st, 1844, would be. It would surely tell if Frederick Robson were in the cast and almost as surely tell the character he played. Is there such a bill in existence ?

CAN YOU HELP ?

The Editor would be glad to hear from anyone, at home or abroad, who has spare copies of *The Dickensian* for December, 1941 (No. 261), March, 1942 (No. 262) and September, 1942 (No. 264).

NOTES TO *OUR MUTUAL FRIEND*

By T. W. HILL

continued from page 90.

BOOK I

Chapter XI

1. ASKED AND GOT RID OF. A convenient and conventional method, in certain snobbish circles, of keeping up to date with one's visiting list; if one did not accept an invitation, the onus was not on the hostess.

2. HATS IN THEIR HANDS. Probably "crush hats" at that time only recently introduced by a Frenchman named Gibus (*circa* 1835). In 1838 Dickens was writing of Nicholas Nickleby "folding his crush hat" and Thackeray in the *Book of Snobs* (1848), writes: "With his gibus hat and his little glazed pumps."

Chapter XII

1. GENTLE SPRING, ETHEREALLY MILD. An almost exact quotation from Thomson's *Seasons*, the opening line of which runs:

"Come, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildness, come."

2. UNDERLYING CHURCHYARD. This gives the clue to the position of Lightwood's chambers overlooking the Temple Churchyard. Goldsmith Building, built 1861, now occupies the site.

3. SQUINTING LEER. The peculiarity of Riderhood's face was inherited by his daughter Pleasant (Book II, Chapter XII), but in her case it is called a "swivel eye." Our forefathers were not particularly delicate in describing abnormalities: hence their somewhat callous allusions to bandy-legs, club-feet, knock-knees, game-legs, hunch-backs, etc.

4. LIME'US HOLE. This used to bear two meanings: (*a*) a small district adjoining Limehouse pier (which used to be called Limehouse Hole Pier—the ferry still bears the old name), represented on the modern map by Thames Place and Emmett Street; and (*b*) a depression in the river-bed hereabouts, levelled by dredging some years ago and no longer existing. See an article in *The Dickensian*, 1939, page 124, by G. W. Younger.

5. INTELLECTS. An obsolete term for the mental faculties; the seven senses or wits.

6. CUT-THROAT SHEPHERDS. Shepherd was one of the cant names for a spy—always on the watch—and here Eugene appears to imply that Riderhood and Gaffer were mutually watching each other. In *A Tale of Two Cities*, Barsad, the spy, is described as a shepherd.

7. NORTHFLEET. This small but ancient place on the Thames estuary where the North Downs reach the river. From the chalk of the Downs "great quantities of lime are burnt" (Gorton, 1833).

Chapter XIII

1. FELT LIKE GULLIVER. "I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles (*Gulliver's Travels*, Chapter I); hence Eugene's ridiculous comparison with the "invisible insects of diabolical activity."

2. THOWELLS. Or tholes, pegs in the side of a boat against which the oars work. A pair of tholes forms a row-lock.

Chapter XIV

1. NEWGATE CALENDAR. Its sub-title is "Malefactors' Bloody Register." It was published first in 1774 in five volumes with accounts of criminals from 1700. *The New Newgate Calendar*, published in six volumes, brought it up to 1826.

Chapter XV

1. THE GAY, THE GAY, THE FESTIVE SCENE. A free adaptation from "The Light Guitar," words by H. S. Van Dyke, music by John Barnett (1802-1890). The ballad opens thus:

"Oh, leave the gay and festive scene,
The halls of dazzling light."

2. I'LL TELL THEE HOW THE MAIDEN. This time, allowing for interpolations, Wegg had quoted, quite correctly, the second verse of the ballad:

"I'll tell thee how the maiden wept,
When her true love was slain.
And how her broken spirit slept,
Never to wake again.
I'll tell thee how the steed drew nigh,
And left his lord afar;
But if my tale should make you sigh
I'll strike the light guitar."

3. BULLY SAWYERS. Belisarius (A.D. 505-565); a great Roman general under Justinian; noted for his successful campaigns against the Goths and the Ostrogoths. His expedition against the Persians lasted nearly two years (541-542). He was accused of conspiring against Justinian and degraded and imprisoned in A.D. 563, but was released after six months.

4. STEPNEY FIELDS. Possibly a general term for the market gardens, etc., on both sides of the Mile End Road. Or perhaps it is meant for Stepney Green, the old name for which was Mile End Green, which had a number of fine houses on its borders.

5. THROWN ON THE WIDE WORLD. From the ballad "The Peasant Boy," music by John Parry. The correct version is:

"Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wander and roam,
Bereft of my parents, bereft of a home,
A stranger to pleasure, to comfort and joy,
Behold little Edmund, the poor Peasant Boy."

5. WEEP FOR THE HOUR. More mutilation; this time of Moore's Irish ballad, "Eveleen's Bower." Here is the original:

"Oh, weep for the hour
When to Eveleen's bow'r
The Lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night
And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame."

6. THEN FAREWELL MY TRIM-BUILT WHERRY. Wegg has in this instance quoted quite correctly. The song is from C. Dibdin's ballad-opera, "The Waterman" (1774). The coat and badge mentioned are the Doggett Coat and Badge awarded annually to the winner in a sculling match on the Thames from a bequest from Thomas Doggett, an actor who died 1721.

7. EXPEDITION AGAINST THE PERSIANS. See note 3 above.

CHAPTER XVI

1. WHERE THE WILL WAS REGISTERED. This was the Prerogative Office of the Province of Canterbury, one of the five Courts in Doctors' Commons, St. Paul's Churchyard. Since 1858 it has been replaced by the Probate Court (included in the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice).

2. THREE MAGPIES. Walter Dexter, in his *The England of Dickens*, says this inn has been identified with the "Three Pigeons," Brentford.

3. POOR HOUSE. Under the act of 1834, although it was an improvement on the Poor Laws preceding it, the inmates of the workhouses were under rather strict discipline, and the sexes separated and classified; the preliminary enquiries into the private affairs of applicants were inquisitorial and were much disliked. The administration of the law became a harsh and odious tyranny and to have to enter a workhouse was considered a disgrace. Since 1871 the Poor Law has been much more humanely administered through the local Boards of Guardians, and Guardians' Committees.

4. SHE PAID SCOT AND SHE PAID LOT. Scot was the tax and lot the assessment, so the expression scot and lot covered all parochial dues for poor, church, lighting, cleaning, watching. Betty had always maintained her personal independence.

5. NO DISCIPLE OF LAVATER. Johann Kaspar Lavater (1741-1901), a Swiss pastor noted for his piety and his pursuit of the beautiful in the human form, especially in physiognomy. Author of *Essays on Physiognomy, designed to promote the knowledge and love of Mankind*. The English translation by Henry Hunter, published in five volumes, 4to, in 1789-98, was profusely illustrated by drawings by Bartolozzi, Blake, etc.

BOOK II

Chapter I

1. ADVENTURES OF LITTLE MARGERY. A lively skit on the moral "improving" type of books such as *Little Meg's Children*, by Hesta Stretton, specially written for children of the period. "Thomas Twopence" as a name for one of the heroes of these stories is packed full of meaning.

2. WHERE KENT AND SURREY MEET. "Flat country wending to the Thames where Kent and Surrey meet and where the railways still bestride the market-gardens that will soon die under them." The Kent-Surrey boundary runs from the Thames along the western limits of Greenwich (including Lewisham) to the Crystal Palace hill. By the Local Government Act of 1888 that borough was transferred from Kent to the newly-formed County of London. The railway companies, now amalgamated as the Southern Railway Company, have to-day many more lines than Dickens knew straddling on arches across the low-lying lands bounded on the south by the ridge of hills skirting the "London Basin" from Putney to Greenwich; the main line to London Bridge station, the sprawling goods-yard of the Bricklayers' Arms Depot, and the many branch lines in the New Cross district connecting these main arteries. The most probable site for Bradley Headstone's school would seem to be somewhere in Deptford between New Cross and the Surrey Commercial Docks; this would not be too far for a walk to the Temple where Lightwood had chambers: this district is not now market-gardens (among which Mr. Jobling, alias Weevle in *Bleak House*, slept, even if he did not live there): it is covered with streets, mostly of small houses built during the last seventy or eighty years.

3. A SLATE LONG. Slates are no longer used in schools, for hygienic reasons connected with their cleaning. They would hold about 100 to 150 words on one side if written in "small text," that is about 250 words for both sides, quite a model little essay by training-college standards.

4. PART OF SPEECH, THEY? The whole of this conversation appears to have been lifted bodily from Lindley Murray's Grammar. The process was called parsing.

5. SMITH SQUARE. The church to which so amusing a reference is made is that of St. John the Evangelist, built 1728. The reason for the four towers is to give stability to the edifice by distributing the weight evenly on the soft sub-soil.

6. UNSCHOLASTIC ART. Dickens's aside was justified at the period of which he wrote. It was not till the Education Act of 1870 was passed that subjects such as Needlework were included in the regular curriculum. Needlework and fancy work were mostly confined to the private and "dames'" schools.

Chapter III

1. A PIECE OF WORK. This satire of electioneering methods should be read in conjunction with the account of the Eatanswill Election in *Pickwick Papers*, and the chapter "National and Domestic" in *Bleak House*. Much of the satire might even be applicable to modern days.

2. RALLYING. What a nice discrimination is shewn as the influence of the Analytical works. "Rallying" becomes for Lady Tippins "rearing"; for Podsnap it becomes "roaring," for Boots and Brewer it is "reeling," while Veneering is actually "rarullarulling."

Chapter IV

1. PANDEAN PIPES. The pipes of Pan, the god of shepherds and flocks; a set of reeds or tubes tuned to a musical scale. Usually associated nowadays with Punch and Judy shows; secured to the chin with a wrapper round the neck; hence Mr. Podsnap "settling his head."

2. BOURSE AND GREEK . . . This series of titles is an indication of the foreign stocks and bonds in which most stock exchange business was done at the time of the story.

Chapter V

1. ALBANY. The town residence of Frederick Duke of York and Albany (second son of George III) converted and enlarged in 1803 into a set of Chambers. For its period it was luxurious, and being in a quiet backwater in the bustle and noise of Piccadilly it is an ideal retreat; just the place for Twemlow as it is occupied "almost entirely by bachelors or widowers."

2. WESTMINSTER HALL. This, of course, refers to the time when the Hall was a part of the Law Courts.

3. FOLDING TABLETS. These little booklets for memoranda, usually of ivory or imitation ivory which could be written upon with lead pencil and afterwards washed clean, are not often seen now. The leaves were secured by a pin or stud and bound in a tortoise-shell or metallic case.

4. HUMBLE FLOWERS. It is a curious thing that Dickens very seldom gives the names of flowers, etc. Fond as he was of all plants and trees, he nearly always confines himself to generalities. Here the accent is placed on the simple nature of the amateur roof gardening.

CHAPTER VI

1. AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY. At one time very popular to a tune adapted from Mozart's "Zauberflöte," it was a favourite with Dickens, who introduces references to it in several of his novels.

CHAPTER VII

1. HELM AWEATHER. J. Lightwood says that this quotation is adapted from *The Tar for All Weathers*, the author of which is unknown.

2. FRIENDLY MOVE. A euphemism for a conspiracy. Such conspiracies were characterised by internal jealousies among the partners and a certain mistrust of the participators, as shewn by Wegg and Venus when the Harmon will was produced for inspection.

CHAPTER VIII

1. OVERLOOKING THE RIVER. The inn, where the "delightful" dinner was served, has never been identified although the "Ship" has been suggested. In *The Dickensian*, 1943, page 193, G. W. Younger makes out a good case for the "Trafalgar," and gives an illustration of the Hawke room. The "very hotel" was used for Bella's Wedding Dinner in Book IV, Chapter IV.

CHAPTER IX

1. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. The Hospital for Sick Children had been founded a few years (1852) when Dickens wrote *Our Mutual Friend*. In 1858 he presided at the Hospital Anniversary Dinner and his earnest and eloquent advocacy enriched its funds by £3,000. Little Johnny with his toys on the tray across his bed is only a recollection of what Dickens had seen at the hospital.

2. NINE AND THIRTY. A reference to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion to which assent must be given by everyone presenting himself for ordination as a clergyman in the Church of England. (Scoffers have called them "forty stripes save one"; see 2 Cor. xi, 24: "five times received I forty stripes save one.")

CHAPTER XI

1. NINE TIES AT 2/9½. . . . Practical education indeed; worthy of Mr. Squeers at Dotheboys Hall in *Nicholas Nickleby*. It will be noted that the prices dictated by Miss Peecher are not very different from those obtaining before the war of 1939-45. In this year of grace (1947) a half-crown tie costs half a guinea or more.

2. SHE TAKES GREAT PAINS. From this it is seen that the private tutor engaged by Eugene for Lizzie was a lady.

CHAPTER XII

1. SWIVEL EYE. See note 3 to Chapter XII in Book I.

2. FORTUNATUS. The great Folklore hero, dating from the fifteenth or sixteenth century had, it will be remembered, a fathomless purse. Dickens gives Riderhood a goblet without a foot so that he must needs keep drinking as if its contents would last indefinitely.

3. NO RHYME, NO REASON. This saying has been traced back to the fifteenth century. In Cayley's *Memoirs of Sir Thomas More* (1478-1535), published in 1808, advising an author to put his ill-written work into verse, More is said to have observed: "Yea, marry, now it is somewhat, for now it is rhyme; before, it was neither rhyme nor reason." The saying had become well established by Shakespeare's time, for he uses it, knowing that his audience would recognise it, in "As You Like It," Act III, Scene 2; "Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much."

Chapter XIII

1. NOTHING USES ME TO IT. It is not often that "use" meaning accustom is employed nowadays in the present tense, although in the past tense it is common: "I am used to it."

Chapter XIV

1. LEAGUE AND COVENANT. A common legal phrase probably best remembered by the non-legal mind in The Solemn League and Covenant adopted by the Scottish Parliament in 1638 for the suppression of Popery.

2. CRAWLING QUITE SCARED. Betty's description of the inmates, poor frightened beings, allowed out of the workhouse for a little while, is very vivid. In *Little Dorrit* old Mr. Nandy, from the workhouse, is described as "creeping along with a scared air."

3. MR. TOM NOAKES AND MRS. JACK STYLES. Noakes and Styles are fictitious names used to fill blanks in legal documents; Dickens would remember them from his experience as a lawyer's clerk soon after he left school.

4. PILLS, OR HAIR WASHES. These extracts from advertisements current at the period, recommending toilet preparations, shew that methods of advertising have not altered much with the passing of the years.

Chapter XV

1. PAVED COURT BY THIS CHURCH. Dexter says the church is that of St. Peter, Cornhill; but some of the details differ, so we conclude it is one of Dickens's not infrequent composite pictures.

2. SHAKE THE DUST FROM THY FEET. This phrase has become proverbial from its emphatic use in the Gospel. The St. Mark version reads: "Whosoever will not receive you when you go out of that city, shake off the very dust from your feet for a testimony against them" (Mark ix, 5). It is curious that in the novel it is a Jew who uses the quotation.

3. MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO. A novel (1794) by Mrs. Radcliffe. It is a ghost story of the sixteenth century with sliding panels, secret passages, mysterious noises, and finally the death of a robber chief. Once very popular, the book has survived as a type of novel.

Chapter XVI

1. GUY, EARL OF WARWICK. A hero of romance who is supposed to have lived in Saxon times, and his legend occurs about the end of the thirteenth century. He proves his devotion to his lady-love by undertaking all kinds of hazardous adventures of a knightly character: slaying Saracens, dragons and giants, etc. Guy's Cliff, Warwick, is supposed to be the scene of his death.

2. DUN COW. One of Guy of Warwick's adventures was to overcome the famous Dun Cow, "bigger than elephaunt" on Dunsmore Heath, near Warwick. The Dun Cow, as well as its legendary slayer, became and remain favourite inn-signs all over England.

3. FLITCH OF BACON. The Dunmow Flitch of Bacon, awarded to "whatever married couple . . . will swear that they have not quarrelled nor repented of their marriage within a year and a day after its celebration," was instituted in 1244. The first flitch was awarded in 1445.

4. WHILE MEMORY HOLDS HER SEAT. An adaptation from "Hamlet," Act I, Scene 5:

> "while memory holds a seat
> In this distracted globe."

[Note: "globe" in this connection signifies "head."]

5. ORATORICAL PEGASUS. A delightful mixture of two figures of speech. Pegasus, the winged horse, was the inspiration of poetry. To mount the high horse is to be overbearing or give oneself airs. Hence the oratorical Pegasus means loud-mouthed eloquence.

6. THEN LAMMLE. The whole speech is a masterpiece of hidden meaning and inuendo; adhering strictly to the facts and to truth, but giving it all a sinister twist that his hearers might not appreciate as he himself did. The speech is obviously addressed to the reader.

7. ANSWER TO HIS RUBBING. The obvious reference to Aladdin raises a doubt whether Fledgby's whiskers would respond to the friction as soon as the Genie did.

8. FLUSHED LETTER CART. The flush is, of course, the red colour of the Royal Mail.

BOOK III

CHAPTER I

1. SOBBING GASLIGHT. The "sobbing" might be due to moisture in the gas-pipe (technically known as water-lock) or to a common defect in the early days of gas-lighting due to unevenness in the pressure.

2. BOTTOMLESS CHAIR. This would be the broken-down chair generally used by boys for the accommodation of Guy Fawkes: the bunch of matches is the bundle of wooden sticks used with the old-fashioned tinder-box.

3. SWEATING A POUND. Sweating coins (especially gold) is shaking up a number in a linen bag so that some of the metal is rubbed off without taking off sufficient to render them "not legal tender." The bag is then burnt and the ashes yield up the metal.

4. QUEER STREET. "Queer" bears the meaning of odd, peculiar, not normal, and has acquired many figurative uses. To live in Queer Street is to be surrounded by circumstances of difficulty, financial or otherwise. It is slang, but has its uses in literature.

5. FOR SUCH CASES MADE AND PROVIDED. A legal term that seems at first sight unnecessarily tautological, but it would be waste of time to "make" an ordinance unless it were provided for use in certain circumstances.

6. PITY THE SORROWS. The opening words of "The Beggar's Petition." a poem written by the Rev. Thomas Moss (1740-1880) Minister at Trentham, Staffs. It was included in *Poems on Several Occasions*, published in 1769 when the author was twenty years of age.

CHAPTER II

1. OVER LONDON BRIDGE. This was Riah's shortest way to Smith Square, saving more than half-a-mile in distance and avoiding the congestion of traffic in Fleet Street and the Strand.

2. IT IS BETTER TO HAVE HAD . . . Conveying the same thought as Tennyson's well-known:

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

in "In Memoriam," published 1850, fourteen years before *Our Mutual Friend* was written.

3. CUT HER OUT AND BASTE HER. Basting is a kind of temporary stitching or tacking to ensure a perfect fit.

4. SHRUB. From an Arabic word meaning a beverage. It is a mixture of water, sugar and lemon juice, with a little rum in it. More suitable for a child like Jenny, who was not at this time more than fourteen. We know that Miss Abbey liked something stronger.

5. STONE BOTTLES. The term should be stone-ware bottles such as are used for ginger-beer, etc. They make capital hot-water bottles for the feet.

CHAPTER III

1. ROLLED ON CASKS. One of the old crude methods for resuscitating the apparently drowned. The inanimate body was placed face downwards over the cask which was then rocked or rolled backwards and forwards. The practice has long been superseded by modern methods.

CHAPTER V

1. ANNUAL REGISTER. This useful record first appeared in 1759 under the editorship of Edmund Burke and has been continued regularly till the present time.

2. ELWES. John Elwes (1714-1789) was a miser by heredity, for his mother (who starved herself to death) had inherited £100,000 and her father-in-law never spent more than £110 a year, although he left a fortune of £250,000. John Elwes died worth more than £500,000, most of it accumulated by his miserliness. See *The Dickensian*, 1947, p. 15.

3. DANCER. Daniel Dancer (1716-1794) died worth £250,000, having skimped himself all his life. See *The Dickensian*, 1947, p. 16.

CHAPTER VI

1. ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY. Charles Rollin (1661-1741), a French historian, wrote *Histoire Ancienne*, 13 vols., 1730-1738. The book has often been translated into English and abridged for English readers, but it has fallen into disuse of late years.

2. WARS OF THE JEWS. Mr. Boffin was not selecting the lightest literature. This is *The History of the Jewish War*, by Josephus (Flavius) (A.D. 37—c. 100), translated into English in 1737 by William Whiston; many reprints were issued, down to the present day.

3. PLUTARCH. This great historian lived A.D. 46-120. He wrote "Parallel Lives" of great characters of the ages immediately preceding his own, and forty-six of these biographies have survived. They have been many times translated and annotated; one of the best known editions is that of Dryden in the eighteenth century, revised and reissued by Clough a hundred years later.

4. NO MALICE TO DREAD. Wegg's treacherous memory (or his wilfulness) has mangled this poem almost beyond recognition. Here is the original version, it is the third verse:

> "Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear
> But truth to delight me and kindness to cheer;
> Nae force now upon me to seem wae or glad,
> I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad;
> Of a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
> There's nane half so sure as my ain fireside."

It was written by Elizabeth Hamilton of Belfast (1758-1816).

5. FOR AULD LANG SYNE. Compare Wegg's rascality with the fine original (5th) verse of Burns's immortal song:

> "And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
> And surely I'll be mine,
> And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
> For auld lang syne."

6. CHARGE, CHESTER, CHARGE. From Scott's poem, "Marmion," 1808, "as every school-boy knows;"

> "Charge, Chester, charge,
> On, Stanley, on."

7. KIRBY. The full title of this remarkable book reads: "The Wonderful and Scientific Museum, or Magazine of Remarkable Characters, including all the Curiosities of Nature and Art; from the Remotest Period to the Present Time, drawn from every Authentic Source; illustrated with Elegant Engravings from the most Singular and Valuable Collection of Prints and Drawings extant. Published by R. S. Kirby." It appears to have been issued as a serial and then bound in volumes: I, 1803; II, 1804; III, 1805; then came a lapse of time until 1813, when Vol. IV appeared with much improved type and general appearance, Vol. V, in 1815 and Vol. VI in 1820. Dickens had the six volumes complete in his library at Gad's Hill Place and drew largely on its contents for his illustrative asides and allusions. The book has descriptions of earthquakes, floods, storms and other convulsions of nature and specialises in lives of criminals, eccentrics, fat men, limbless people, women posing as men, dwarfs, giants and strong men, lightning calculators and other human abnormalities. There is hardly a dull page in the whole compilation.

8. CAULFIELD'S CHARACTERS. This book is in two volumes. "Portraits and memoirs of remarkable persons," Vol I, from Edward III to the Revolution, 1813; Vol. II, from the Revolution to George II, 1819, by James Caulfield.

9. WILSON'S. "The book of wonderful characters, chiefly from the text of H. Wilson and James Caulfield," by Henry Wilson.

10. JEMMY TAYLOR OF SOUTHWARK. He died in 1793, having amassed a fortune of £200,000 by putting "money out to use," although he was a weaver

by trade. He slept on rags and straw on the floor, bought tainted meat for cheapness and also as it had smell as well as taste; provided a dinner for himself and Daniel Dancer by stowing a broth from one chop: his "name adorns the donation board of the ancient church of St. Saviours in the Borough." (Kirby). See *The Dickensian*, 1947, p.14

11. JEMMY WOOD OF GLOUCESTER. He made a fortune of nearly £2,000,000 from dust contracting. He gave his daughter for her wedding dowry one of the dust heaps; his son-in-law was contemptuous of such a gift, but it realised nearly £2,000.

12. MERRYWEATHER. Mr. Boffin produced "a little book from his breast-pocket." It is indeed a little book, a small octavo, and thin, in a scarlet cover with gilt ornamental tooling such as used to be awarded as prizes in Sunday Schools. Its full title is *Lives and Anecdotes of Misers, or the Passion of Avarice displayed*, by F. Somner Merryweather, 1850.

13. JOHN OVERS, ETC. These names appear in the list of Contents of Merryweather. A few extracts may be interesting. JOHN OVERS's legendary history is many centuries old. He kept a ferry across the Thames long before London Bridge was built; he was so mean that in order to save fuel he warmed his black pudding (which cost a penny a yard) in his bosom. His servants murdered him so he was refused burial at Bermondsey Abbey and he was interred at St. Thomas-a-Watering; his daughter Mary (who did not inherit his stinginess) erected a church to St. Mary Overie (thus preserving her own name and his) which was afterwards incorporated in St. Saviour's Church, now Southwark Cathedral. VULTURE HOPKINS (so nicknamed for his rapacity) was a friend of Thomas Guy, another miser who founded Guy's Hospital; as Pope writes in his *Moral Essays*: Vulture Hopkins, "lived worthless, but died worth Three hundred thousand pounds . . . When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend the wretch, who living saved a candle's end." JOHN ELWES died in 1789; he played cards for high stakes, lost £1,000 at one sitting and then went and haggled over a shilling with a butchor in the market; he was M.P. for twelve years and never made a single speech; occupied rooms in his own empty houses rather than pay rent; and left half a million pounds to be divided between his two natural sons. The REV. MR. JONES OF BLEWBERRY was rector for 45 years till his death in 1827 He saved his salary of £50 a year and a legacy of £30 a year and lived on his fees, about half-a-crown a week; his unvaried fare was bread, bacon and tea; he wore the same hat and coat for the whole of his incumbency, patching them so much that practically nothing of the original material was left; he never wore a shirt to save washing; only once did he pay 6*d*. for beer, and liked it so much that he became a teetotaler to avoid the extravagance. All his savings went to relatives whom he had never seen. See *The Dickensian*, 1946, p. 14.

14. GIVE US DANCER. From this point all the passages within quotation marks, down to "two hundred pounds," are taken from Merryweather.

15. WILLCOCKS, JARDINE. Here also Dickens is quoting from Merryweather.

16. WOLLUM FOUR. That is, of Kirby. See note 7 above. The information about Baldwin is almost word-for-word quotation.

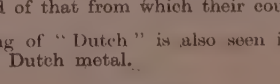
17. HE'S WARM . . . GETTING COLD. An allusion, of course, to the old nursery game "Hot boiled beans and very good butter."

18. KEEP UP HIS COURAGE. In the reign of Charles II England suffered many reverses at the hands of the Dutch navy and the word "Dutch" acquired a sinister meaning and became an epithet synonymous with false or inferior; Dutch courage was false courage induced by indulgence in alcohol. The poet Edmund Waller has these lines in his "Instructions to a Painter" (1665):

> "The Dutch their wine and their brandy lose;
> Disarmed of that from which their courage grows."

The derogatory meaning of "Dutch" is also seen in phrases like Dutch cousin, Dutch auction, Dutch metal.

To be concluded.



THE WORLD ON DICKENS

BY RALPH STRAUS

TO Dickensians, Mr. William Miller needs no introduction. For long years they have known him, alike in this country and America, as the most indefatigable collector of Dickensiana of every description, as Honorary Librarian to the Fellowship, as the expert ever ready to place his knowledge at the disposal of students, or as a personal and most loyal friend. Did some question arise, indeed, to puzzle even a man like Walter Dexter, "Better try Miller," you would be told, and in nine cases out of ten the right answer would be forthcoming. If, moreover, in the course of his life he has generally been satisfied to be the devoted "explorer," that is not to say that he has eschewed authorship altogether. But it is only now that we have a work* from his pen which is of major importance, and I will say at once that it is a manual which will be indispensable to every student of Dickens and his period.

At the same time I hope I shall not be misunderstood when I say that this is not a book for the general public. It is not intended to be such. Bibliography can be an exciting pursuit, but—only to your real explorer. Personally, I like to see in every book-list cheerfulness breaking in, in the shape of a critical commentary spiced with quips and jests, but I recognise the fact that here I am in a minority. Besides, in these uncomfortable days of austerity where is the paper to be found for such things? And so Mr. Miller has contented himself with a plain but well-arranged compilation which is about as near to being exhaustive as any work of the kind could be. It is not a bibliography of Dickens's own books, but a list of writings relating to him and his work.

There are, of course, omissions—I have one or two in mind—but none is of any great importance. And even the "unlikeliest" items have not escaped Mr. Miller's attention. On opening his book I said to myself, "He will not have included the *worst* set of verses ever written about Dickens, worse, even, if that be possible, than the "In Memoriam" of the "Poet Close" of Kirkby-Stephen. But the potato-grower of Penge, Joseph Gwyer, is there with the rest of them. He it was, poor man, who was struck down by illness and forbidden to attend to his potatoes:

> "The doctors gave me orders too,
> That no more hard work I should do,
> So what to do I did not know,
> And then poetry began to flow."

Poetry? Well, perhaps not. But Mr. Gwyer's remarkable stanzas on the death of Dickens cannot be well known to the majority of Dickensians, and I do not apologise for giving three of them here:

> "Oh! death thine arrows quickly fly abroad,
> On all around from peasant to lord,
> The rich in mansions, the poor their cot,
> Alike have to meet their respective lot.
>
> That great novelist, Dickens by name,
> Death hath call'd in the midst of his fame,
> Now our friend from life has departed,
> Thousands are left near brokenhearted.

*The Dickens Student and Collector. A List of Writings relating to Charles Dickens and his Works 1836-1945. By William Miller. London, Chapman & Hall: 30s. Harvard University Press: $7.50.

A thrill of great sorrow and surprise,
We felt when seeing print of large size,
Dickens is dead and gone to his rest,
Death has taken his life from his breast."

Luckily Mr. Gwyer and the Poet Close are almost in a class by themselves, and the vast majority of Mr. Miller's entries refer to works which the student at one time or another will wish to see and the enthusiastic collector will desire to possess. They are set out, too, in a manner which is probably the most convenient that could have been devised. Twelve divisions have been made, and in each case the titles have been arranged in chronological order.

The first of these divisions is "personal": writings mainly of a biographical character. Here are all the Lives and Impressions and Vignettes, and they range from a short *Sketch of Boz*, which appeared in *The Town* for August 29th, 1840, to Dame Una Pope-Hennessy's biography and an article on Dickens's sense of home life by T. W. Hill, both issued in 1945. Then follow four "critical" divisions which concern themselves respectively with the Works as a whole, particular novels, Forster's *Life*—and how strange it is to read of the attacks made on that book at the time of its first appearance !—and the first (and ruthlessly emasculated) edition of the *Letters*. After which come the poetical tributes, the plays, operettas, and dramatic sketches founded on the novels, the musical works- nearly 250 references in all !—and the anthologies which range from character-portraits to calendars. Even more interesting, perhaps, are the parodies, sequels, and attempts at elucidation which are grouped together in Division X. Here, of course, Mr. Pickwick appears (inconceivably to my mind) in his boyhood, a scribbler called Bos makes his miserable appearance, Oliver Twiss and Nicholas Nickleberry strut about in their witless way, and following these come all the clever gentlemen who know exactly how Dickens intended to finish *Edwin Drood*.

Then come the topographical entries: a happy hunting-ground for those who like to "identify" places. (I will admit that I am one of those who think that this doubtlessly fascinating game can easily be carried to excess, for it is my experience that your imaginative author rarely plays photographer but *blends* his memories of things and people seen.) Finally, there is a bibliographical division which contains all the dictionaries, exhibition catalogues, and detailed lists, and Mr. Miller rounds off his great task with an index which without being peculiar (except, as it happens, in the spelling of my name) is as extensive as any index not purely Pickwickian in character has a right to be.

In a word, here is an invaluable work which puts all Dickensians into Mr. Miller's debt.

BEQUESTS

May we remind those who are unable in these difficult times to help The Dickens Fellowship of the Dickens House as they would wish, that a practical way of assisting us to keep green the memory of Charles Dickens, is to remember those institutions in their wills ? Such legacies afford proof of a desire that our work should go on beyond the span of the donor's lifetime. The following simple form of bequest should be used :

"I bequeath to The Dickens Fellowship (or/and the Dickens House), 48 Doughty Street, London, N.W.1, a sum of (£), free of duty, to be applicable for the general purposes of the Fellowship (or/and the Dickens House). And I declare that the receipt of the Hon. Treasurer or other proper official, for the time being, of the Society shall be a good and sufficient discharge of my executors."

"PENNY PLAIN, TWOPENCE COLOURED"

WITH the death, in 1937, of Benjamin Pollock, the last publisher of the Juvenile Drama, and the closing of his romantic little shop in an otherwise sordid Hoxton Street, after it had been all but destroyed in the air raids of 1940, it was expected that the last chapter in this fascinating story had reached its conclusion. Certainly we shall stand no more in that little shop where Robert Louis Stevenson and many another stood before us, but the business is not to die. The stock and the printing plates have been taken over by Sir Ralph Richardson and Robert Donat, the actors, and Alan Keen, the antiquarian bookseller, and the business of Benjamin Pollock has reappeared in the Adelphi. Here, in charge of George Speaight, the brother of Robert Speaight, the well-known actor, it blossoms anew. Mr. Speaight has made a life-long study of the history of these charming little plays, the result of which has just been published; only the second book on its subject.* The first was by A. E. Wilson, the dramatic critic, and was reviewed by Walter Dexter in these pages (1933, p.37).

Mr. Speaight's book supplements the earlier work in a great many ways and is beautifully produced and illustrated. It fills a definite gap on the Dickensian's bookshelf, telling the story of the Lilliputian theatre in great detail and tracing its origin in the real theatre in a manner both informative and highly entertaining. That theatre was the theatre of the young Charles Dickens, of Vincent Crummles, and it cannot therefore fail to command our interest.

It is well known that only *Oliver Twist* of all Dickens's work was adapted for performance on the miniature stage. It was published by Reddington, Pollock's father-in-law and predecessor at Hoxton. Of this Mr. Dexter gives an excellent account in the review referred to, together with a reproduction of the first sheet of characters in their "penny plain" form. Dickensians would find it highly amusing to obtain a set and mount a performance on a Pollock stage, although they would probably have now to do the colouring themselves, for "Benjamin Pollock, Ltd.," cannot supply this play ready coloured. In doing so they would, however, be in the great tradition, for the boys for whom the plays were designed usually bought the sheets uncoloured and applied the vivid tints themselves. But it would be infinitely worth while, as I myself can vouch. I was fortunate in buying my set in Hoxton in the "twopenny" state. "Benjamin Pollock, Ltd.," will also be pleased to supply either a "stage-front" which you can mount on to your own stage or a complete stage ready made, with full instructions for manipulation. Then, with a little judicious cutting of the "book of words" it is easily possible to avoid what R.L.S. called "the long drawn disenchantment of an actual performance." Mr. Speaight's book contains some admirable hints for the would-be performer—he himself is an expert practitioner. Herewith is shown the stage I built with the aid of a Pollock "stage-front," set with the London Bridge scene from *Oliver Twist*. The delight of my dozen spectators (it is difficult for a larger number to see the stage properly), was ample reward, if any were needed in addition to the fun of the thing.

It will probably interest many Dickensians to read something of the history of the dramas associated with Dickens and the toy theatre, for details of which I am indebted to the Rev. Montague Summers, whose knowledge of these things is unrivalled.

The most famous, of course, is *The Miller and His Men*, which the youthful Charles "got up" while at Wellington House Academy, as we are told by Dr. Henry Danson, his school-fellow, in Forster's

**The Juvenile Drama.* Macdonald. 15s.

Life. They were aided, it will be remembered, by Master Beverley, later the famous scenic artist. This long-lived play by Isaac Pocock first appeared at Covent Garden in 1813 and held the stage for a great many years. Percy Fitzgerald recalls (*The Dickensian*, 1908, p. 313) going with Dickens to see one of the last revivals of it, but it was badly done and the novelist could not stand the maltreatment accorded the old play he loved so well. Sadly, before the play was half over, they

A Pollock Stage set for *Oliver Twist*.

left the theatre and walked round to Dickens's rooms above the *All the Year Round* offices in Wellington Street, where they drowned their disappointment in a flowing bowl. Fitzgerald writes that this performance took place at Drury Lane at one of the "Palmy-day Revivals" of John Hollingshead, but really those misguided productions did not take place until the eighties at the old Gaiety.

The old play was so popular that Mr. Speaight records no less than 36 published versions of it for the toy theatre. Its lurid story of robbers disguised as millers, its "combats," and, above all, the final explosion of the mill accompanied by "red-fire" and all kinds of delights, so ingeniously engineered for the youthful Dickens by Master Beverley, was obviously calculated to render it first favourite with the boys, although possibly not with their parents.

The only other play that we are told was performed at the Wellington House Academy was *Cherry and Fair Star*. A play of this name was produced at Covent Garden in 1822 and another at the Royal Pavilion, Whitechapel, in 1832, the former having the secondary title of *The Children of Cyprus* and the latter *The Orphans of Cyprus*. They were probably founded upon a fairy tale by Mme. d'Aulnoy, *La Princess Belle-Etoile et le Prince Chéri*, which was translated by J. R. Planché, who adapted many of Mme. d'Aulnoy's fairy tales into extravaganzas for the use of Mme. Vestris and others. Among these was *Fortunio and his Seven Gifted Servants* with which Dickens had such fun with his children at Tavistock Square years afterwards. But that was not on a toy stage. It first appeared at Drury Lane in 1843. Another was *The White Cat*, first produced at Covent Garden in 1842. This story retained its hold for many years. I myself well remember it as the basis for a pantomime at Drury Lane some forty years ago. It is odd that no references to any published juvenile dramas of *Cherry* are to be found. Mr. Speaight has never been able to trace one, he tells me. Did the future scene painter of Drury Lane rise to the occasion so well that he designed scenes and characters for the production?

There is only one direct reference to the juvenile drama in Dickens's works. That occurs in *A Christmas Tree*, the first Christmas Number of *Household Words*. There we read:

> "Out of this delight springs the toy-theatre—there it is, with its familiar proscenium, and ladies in feathers, in the boxes!—and all its attendant occupation with paste and glue, and gum and water colours, in the getting-up of the Miller and His Men, and Elizabeth, or the Exile of Siberia. In spite of a few besetting accidents and failures (particularly and unreasonable in the respectable Kelmar, and some others, to become faint in the legs, and double up, at exciting points of the drama), a teeming world of fancies so suggestive and all-embracing, that, far below it on my Christmas Tree, I see dark, dirty, real Theatres in the day-time, adorned with these associations as with the freshest garlands of the rarest flowers, and charming me yet."

The ubiquitous *Miller* maintains its proud position in this passage and it remains but to deal with *Elizabeth*. The first English edition of the story, by Mrs. Elizabeth Meeke, from the French of Mme. Cottin, appeared in 1814 and went through a great many editions, one of which, a dainty little volume in red cloth, was recently presented to the library of the Dickens House. A melodrama by Mr. Dorvo on this theme appeared in Paris in 1806, and another by Pixerécourt followed in 1819. It was in 1808 that "an operatic play," *The Exile or The Deserts of Siberia*, by Frederick Reynolds, a popular dramatist, but not to be confused with G. W. M. Reynolds of *Pickwick Abroad* fame, appeared at Covent Garden. There were plenty of opportunities for extravagant stagecraft, banishments to Siberia, snow-clad steppes, escapes to Moscow, all culminating in the coronation there of the Empress Elizabeth. These, obviously, were the attraction for the juvenile drama publishers, although in the real theatre there were other elements of success. There were excellent farcical parts for Liston and Munden. It was still being played at Drury Lane in 1831. Another version appeared at the Coburg, later the Old Vic, in 1828. Mr. Speaight records five separate juvenile drama versions of the play, named either *The Exile of Siberia*, or *The Exile, or The Coronation of Elizabeth*.

L. C. S.

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR FOR 1947-48 IS
GREAT EXPECTATIONS

FROM RECENT BOOKS

By LOUIS B. FREWER, M.A.
(Bodleian Library)

DOMESTIC SERVICE

"Fiction in the early and mid-Victorian periods teems with such a rich variety of Abigails that to choose those who are either most typical or most unusual is a matter of no small difficulty. Dickens, with his love for a crowded canvas and his flair for over-statement can be trusted to provide examples in either category. His Abigails range from Mrs. Steerforth's prim, pretty parlourmaid, with the coloured ribbons in her cap, to Peg Sliderskew, deaf, draggled and depraved, simpering under the tipsy leer of Wackford Squeers.

"Pride of place must be given to that enchanting elf, 'the Marchioness.' Though there may be in her make-up certain remembered traits of Mrs. John Dickens's little workhouse waif (who also sat for the rough sketch of 'the orfling' in *David Copperfield*), she cannot be ranked with the common run of mortals, and must surely have been discovered by Sally Brass cradled in an acorn. Acorns, it is true, were unlikely objects to be lying about in Bevis Marks: it may have been a cabbage-leaf. Some such theory is needed as an alternative to the suggestion that she was Sally Brass's illegitimate child and—still more repellant—that Daniel Quilp may have been her father.

"The Victorian novelist, hurriedly scribbling his latest instalment with an inky boy waiting for it in the hall, could hardly be blamed for lapsing into inconsistencies and leaving unfollowed clues trailing about. Dickens never troubled—perhaps he did not choose—to elucidate his dark, reiterated hints that the origin of the Marchioness was a mystery of which the solution was known to Sally, suspected by Quilp and dimly divined by Dick Swiveller; but it is not an agreeable notion that he imagined either the dwarf or the virago, or both of them together, as responsible for her existence.

"Another result of the helter-skelter method of composition was the strange variations in the looks, behaviour and personality of some of the characters as the narrative unrolled itself in weekly or monthly jerks. Dick Swiveller was an outstanding example of this. There is little to be found in common between the grubby, flashy, ill-spoken waster of Chapter II and the delightful, allusive, quixotic fellow who emerges by degrees, the champion of the oppressed, the avenger of the innocent, and finally the happy husband of 'Sophronia Sphynx.'

"The transformation dates from the period of his first contact with the Small Servant, and the operative influence was compassion. Almost from the moment that Dick Swiveller first looks down from his high office-stool and sees the 'small, slip-shod girl in the dirty, coarse bib and apron which left nothing of her visible but her face and her feet,' the 'Perpetual Grand of the Glorious Apollers' begins to fade out and the face and voice of the later and infinitely more likable Dick make themselves seen and heard. Writing from Broadstairs to John Forster in October, 1840, Dickens, who had just issued those numbers containing the fifty-seventh and fifty-eighth chapters of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, declared, 'The way is clear for Kit now, and for a great effect at the last with the Marchioness.' No doubt the great effect, already shaping itself in the bubbling cauldron of a brain, was the episode in which the Marchioness, true to her fairy-tale character, cares for the helpless Dick in his fever and participates in the delights supplied (again in fairy-tale fashion) by the Garland family; but novelists and their readers do not always see eye to eye in these matters, and to most people the peak of the story is reached in Chapter LVIII, when for the first time Dick and the Marchioness sit down to a game of cribbage in the dim and odorous vault that was Sally Brass's kitchen.

"Susan Nipper's creator was undoubtedly right in relying upon her for 'a strong character throughout the book,' and her excellent amalgam of devotion and asperity, so like that bestowed by Molière upon his Nicoles and Toinettes, illustrates yet again the curious Gallic quality of Dickens. As depicted by 'Phiz,' she looks both smart and capable, with her neat little boots, trimly-fitting dress and coy little cap.

"The sycophantic 'Phib' in *Nicholas Nickleby*, the feeble, afflicted 'Guster' and the great-hearted Charley in *Bleak House*, the angular, amorous

Miss Miggs in *Barnaby Rudge*, the casual Flopson in *Great Expectations*, all spring into reality as the spotlight of the novelist's fancy falls upon them; Clara Peggotty Barkis is to many readers as convincing, and quite as dear, as if they, like David, had 'looked perseveringly at her as she sat at work; at the little bit of wax-candle she kept for her thread . . . at the little house with the thatched roof where the yard-measure lived: at her work-box with the sliding lid, with a view of St. Paul's Cathedral with a pink dome painted on it: at the brass thimble on her finger; at herself,' whom he 'thought lovely.'

"One of the earliest and most decorative of the Dickensian Abigails is surely 'Mary, housemaid at Mr. Nupkins's, Ipswich,' the future Mrs. Sam Weller, the recipient of the Valentine that caused him such fierce throes of composition. Strict pedantry might demand that she should be placed in the pre-Victorian group, as the events in which she plays a part were supposed to occur ten years before the young Queen's accession: but Dickens is himself so ineluctably Victorian that it has seemed better to assemble all his characters in the same period.

"Mary does not enter until Chapter XXV, fifteen chapters later than Sam: she is the 'very smart and pretty-faced servant-girl' who opens the green-painted door of Mr. Nupkins's house at Ipswich and holds up her hands in astonishment at the rebellious demeanour of the Pickwickians in the custody of Grummer and his special constables. When, after the *éclaircissement*, Sam was invited to dine in the magistrate's kitchen, he asked Muzzle, the man-servant, how many 'ladies' there were in the household. . . .

"Presumably the well-favoured Mary had once been a junior, but even the Chesterfieldian Muzzle could hardly at any time have called her 'savage.' Her gaiety, her good-humour and her good looks are all cleverly conveyed in the famous kitchen comedy scene which follows.

"Mrs. Nupkins, though an alarming female, cannot have objected either to sandals or to side-curls, for in 'Phiz's' illustration Mary is seen wearing both, and a very fetching quilted cap with sprouting knots of ribbon into the bargain. The interior of the kitchen is interesting as showing what the background would be below-stairs in the year of grace 1827. Bunches of herbs and ropes of onions depend from the ceiling, flanked by three handsome hams—a fourth is being smoked over the open fire. An eight-day clock stands by a dresser well garnished with plates, dishes and tureens, and a vast frying-pan hangs—with a gridiron, a pair of tongs, a shovel and a poker—within the embrasure of the large and wide fireplace. Meat and drink obviously abound, but the four-legged wooden stools upon which the cook and Sam are perched could hardly be more uncompromisingly comfortless, and no easy-chair of any kind can be discerned.

"When we—and Sam—meet the pretty housemaid again it is in a shady lane at Clifton, where he sees her shaking bedside carpets and gallantly goes to her aid before he realises that 'the very neat and pretty figure' belongs to his lady-love. In the meantime he has concocted, with much travail of mind and body, and with many interruptions from Mr. Weller, Senior, that celebrated Valentine. . . .

"As attendant upon the charming Arabella Allen in her elopement with Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, Mary has an amiable part to play in the story of their wedding, their subsequent reconciliation with Winkle *père*, and their intervention in the romance of Mr. Snodgrass and Emily Wardle. 'Phiz' shows us how attractive Mary looked when dressed for the road, with a tight-waisted, wide-sleeved gown and a large coal-scuttle bonnet; and in the scene where, in cap and apron, she dines with the Fat Boy, we see that the visitors' servants' dining-room at Osborne's hotel, in the Adelphi, was furnished with Windsor chairs which, however austere, were an improvement on the stools in the kitchen of the Ipswich magistrate.

"In addition to taking us below-stairs in a variety of households and of houses, Dickens—in Chapter XVI of *Nicholas Nickleby*—conducts us to that 'temple of promise,' a registry office. There is no ambiguity about *this* establishment: all is decorous to the highest degree. 'A genteel female in shepherd's plaid boots' is heard requesting Tom, the clerk, to 'read out an easy place or two.' He obliges with particulars of Mrs. Wrymug's situation in Finsbury: 'Wages, twelve guineas. No tea, no sugar. Serious family.'"—"The English Abigail," by D. M. Stuart. (Macmillan.)

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SUFFOLK INNS

IPSWICH : *The Great White Horse.* "Among the passengers who climbed from the coach to stretch their travel-cramped limbs was a young reporter from the *Morning Chronicle*, who had come to Ipswich to describe the campaign of a Parliamentary bye-election. Six years later this young reporter was to become world-famous as the creator of *Pickwick Papers*, and the world-wide fame of Charles Dickens and Samuel Pickwick may to some extent be shared in by 'The Great White Horse' at Ipswich.

"It is reasonable to assume that Dickens liked Ipswich. Anyway, he visited the town three times during his reading tours, and after the first of these (in the Hall of what was then the Mechanics' Institute and is now the Ipswich Institute), he wrote of the 'fine perception of the audience and a demonstrativeness equal to the great working towns.' That was on October 10th, 1859. And perhaps it may be regarded as some indication of his affection for Ipswich if we remember that he gave his Farewell Reading here, in the Public Hall, on October 31st, 1861. But whatever may have been the degree of his liking for Ipswich, it is very clear that he did not like 'The White Horse.' In 1835, one year before he wrote *Pickwick Papers*, Dickens stayed at 'The White Horse' for about three weeks whilst he was reporting another Parliamentary election—for, so it is said, the *Suffolk Chronicle*. There is a School of thought which holds that the famous adventure of Mr. Pickwick with the 'lady in yellow curl papers' actually befell Dickens himself, and that this experience contributed largely to his dislike for the Inn. Be that as it may, nothing could be more devastatingly cynical than his description of the place in the twenty-second chapter of *Pickwick Papers*. . . . 'Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Peter Magnus drew their chairs up to the fire, and having ordered a bottle of the worst possible port wine, at the highest possible price, for the good of the house, drank brandy and water for their own.' For the last part of this somewhat damaging statement Dickens nearly landed himself in a libel action; the landlord, William Brooks, got as far as threatening the author with it, but fortunately for Dickens the action never matured. But harsh though his criticisms were, it is to Charles Dickens that 'The White Horse' owes much of its fame; so much so, in fact, that at the World's Fair at Chicago a full-scale model of it was built. Neither has 'The White Horse' ever ceased to be proud of its Dickensian and Pickwickian associations; there is still plenty of evidence of the existence of a courtyard and of the 'labyrinths and passages' which are, of course, now well-lit and carpeted. There is, moreover, a Pickwick bedroom, which you may see, and, indeed, sleep in. . . ."

BURY ST. EDMUNDS : *The Angel.* "'The Angel' . . . is best known, curiously enough, for its association with a man who never lived; a man who had no real existence outside the imagination of his creator, and yet who, legendary as he is, has captured the fancy of every reading man, woman and child ever since Charles Dickens published *Pickwick Papers*. For it is an undoubted fact that 'The Angel' at Bury shares with 'The Great White Horse' at Ipswich the strange distinction of having been made famous by Samuel Pickwick. 'The Angel' has, no doubt, always been as proud of this fact as it has been grateful. Perhaps it should also be grateful that Dickens had a liking which was almost an affection for 'The bright little town of Bury St. Edmunds.' That is how he described it in one of the *Uncommercial Traveller* papers; in *Pickwick* he went further and wrote of 'a handsome little town of thriving and cleanly appearance.' Now we have only assumed that Dickens liked Ipswich, but his impressions of Bury leave absolutely no doubt. He gave readings in the town on two occasions, October 13th, 1859, and October 30th, 1861. After this second reading he wrote to his sister-in-law : 'I cannot quite remember in the whirl of travelling and reading, whether or no I wrote you a line from Bury St. Edmunds. But I think (and hope) I did. We had a fine room there, and *Copperfield* made a great impression.' On the same day he wrote to Wilkie Collins : 'Last night I read *Copperfield* at Bury St. Edmunds to a very fine audience. I don't think a word—not to say an idea—was lost!' And if anyone would like to sleep in that same 'fine room' which Dickens mentions, they have only to walk up to the bright, neat little Reception Desk at 'The Angel,' and ask for Number 15. Apart from the very welcome introduction of an electric fire, it is exactly the same as it was on the night when Dickens occupied it. . . ."

SUDBURY: *The Rose and Crown.* "Historically, the most disastrous thing which has ever happened to Sudbury was the fire which, in the early hours of January 1st, 1922, destroyed the ancient 'Rose and Crown Hotel.' For, just as it has now long been established beyond all doubt that Sudbury is the notorious 'Eatanswill' of *Pickwick Papers*, so has it been proved with equal finality that 'The Rose and Crown' was the celebrated 'Town Arms' which figured so prominently and so picturesquely in the infamously memorable Eatanswill Election. Until the beginning of this century it was Ipswich that had generally—though somewhat vaguely—been identified with Eatanswill, although Sudbury had long held some claim to the distinction. But in 1907 no less an authority than 'The Rose and Crown's' landlord made exhaustive researches into the matter, and on March 1st of that year he presented his conclusions to an impressive and distinguished assembly of local Dickens enthusiasts, the occasion being the Inaugural Supper of the newly-formed but already famous Eatanswill Club."

SUDBURY: *The Swan.* "If, as Mr. C. Findon Waters would have us believe, 'The Swan' was indeed the 'Peacock' of *Pickwick Papers* (and there are absolutely no reasons why it should not have been), then Dickens has left us a very fair picture of it, and moreover, of a typical evening, in a typical commercial room of a typical Suffolk inn of the mid-nineteenth century."

SUDBURY: *The Four Swans.* "'The Four Swans' is Sudbury's leading hotel to-day, and although it has in recent years been extensively modernised, it retains all of that solid and comfort-inducing atmosphere which characterised it when it was first built about a century ago. Charles Dickens is believed to have stayed here, and if he did it must have been in the time of Mrs. Mary Ann Gross, who described herself as 'brewer, wine and spirit merchant, horse and gig letter, and victualler.'"—"Old Inns of Suffolk," by L. P. Thompson. (Harrison.)

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READERS AND CRITICS

"Even an honest reviewer can be dishonest *malgré lui.* Macaulay was asked by Macvey Napier to review *Martin Chuzzlewit* for the 'Quarterly.' Macaulay read it and found it 'frivolous and dull.' He could not therefore praise it, neither would he 'cut it up.' He would not attack it, 'First, because I have broken salt with Dickens; secondly, because he is a good man, and a man of real talent; thirdly, he hates slavery as heartily as I do; and, fourthly, because I wish to see him enrolled in our blue-and-yellow corps, where he may do excellent service as a skirmisher and sharp-shooter.'

"Scientific exactitude is so rare in imaginative literature that we are surprised when we come across it. Shakespeare is full of anachronisms and mis-statements, even bad grammar, but he gets there all the same. Dickens is often a gate-crasher in the Palace of Truth, and austere John Milton would rather mix his evidence than his metaphors.

"You may catalogue the inadequacies of Shakespeare and Dickens without shaking the foundations of their works, and if you had a logical enough mind you could man-handle almost any poem as Dr. Johnson man-handled 'Lycidas.'

"The reading of drama or fiction resembles acting. When we read Shakespeare and Homer, Cervantes and Fielding, Sterne and Dickens, we play, involuntarily, the parts of Falstaff and Hamlet, Odysseus and Don Quixote, Parson Adams or Uncle Toby, Pickwick or Micawber, as their authors did when creating them. Both reading and writing are dramatisations.

"Without art few people would see anything beyond what they had been in the habit of seeing. To take a familiar example, the novelist is popular because he forces us to notice characters which would otherwise pass unnoticed. He records what he observes, that is, he assembles his people out of the details of the moment by inspired perception. Dickens did not invent Mr. Micawber any more than Turgenev invented Bazarov. Literature provides many examples of this kind of 'creation' but in each instance it is the result of discovery or singularity of observation, not occult power.

"A writer is generally making the best or the worst of himself. One, like Dickens, hides himself behind a fascia of indomitable cheeriness, another, like Dostoievsky, masks himself in spiritual gloom.

"Charles Dickens was an unabashed subjectiviser; his histrionic personality

dominates the stage in all his works. The greater part of *David Copperfield* is frankly autobiographical, and the love incidents, first with Dora and later with Agnes, represent the two phases of the author's passion, the real idealised because it was a failure, and the ideal sentimentalised because it was never consummated. In the Preface to this work, Dickens reveals himself to his readers more than in any other of his introductions. He confides to them that he was so overcome with emotion when he had finished *David Copperfield* that he 'was in danger of wearying the reader with personal confidences and private emotions.' When these words were written little was known of his domestic life, and it was assumed that they referred solely to the natural feelings of an author 'dismissing some portion of himself into the shadowy world,' and who was watching the 'creatures of his brain going from him for ever.' But we now know that they masked an unfulfilled dream of happiness. And when he said: 'Like many fond parents, I have in my heart of hearts a favourite child. And his name is David Copperfield,' he was consoling himself with the memory of what might have been. But in spite of his need for personal expositions and his addiction to dramatic domination, there are hints throughout his works that he was also aware of the need of the reader for self-expression. A good example occurs in *Great Expectations* (Chapter VII) when Joe Gargery and Pip discuss education: 'Give me,' said Joe, 'a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down before a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord!' he continued, after rubbing his knees a little, 'when you *do* come to a J and an O, and says you, "here at last is a J-O, Joe," how interesting reading is.' Helping his readers to this sort of discovery was the essence of Dickens's great popularity.

"Whén appreciating a novel the reader passes through the emotional experiences not only of the author, but those also of the characters depicted. The more excellent the novel the more profound the experience. The whole English-speaking world passed through the emotional experiences of Dickens during the middle decades of the last century."—"The Reading of Books," by Holbrook Jackson. (Faber.)

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DICKENS AND THE DRAMA

"A serious attempt to start . . . a Dramatic College was made in 1876, but objections were brought forward to its institution as 'false in principle and useless in practice.' Already on January 12th, 1859, a meeting had been called at the Adelphi Theatre for the purpose of discussing the establishment of a Royal Dramatic College: Charles Kean, Benjamin Webster, Charles Dickens and W. M. Thackeray were made trustees of this venture.

"The possibility of making their fortunes had the result of attracting to the theatre many men who in previous years would have devoted themselves entirely to the novel. G. B. Shaw, despite his vivid theatricality, almost certainly would have joined Thackeray and Dickens had he flourished in 1840.

"In [Henry Arthur] Jones resided something of the spirit of Dickens; much as he fancied himself as a seriously-minded contemplator of life, his best work was done when he remained contented with the grotesque delineation of common follies.

"The revolution gathered impetus as it advanced through the decades. From 1850 to 1870 its movement, though sure, was comparatively slight, and in the year 1871 a writer in *The Saturday Review* was reluctantly forced to cast a melancholy eye over the dramatic prospect. Many new theatres, he saw, had been erected in London, but in his opinion these had 'been built beyond the possibilities of finding either plays to act in them or audiences to witness the performances.' When he wrote, adaptations from the novels of Charles Dickens were still the rage, but 'What,' he enquired dismally, 'What will become of the English stage when the public has grown weary, if it ever does grow weary, of dramatic versions of the stories of the late Mr. Dickens? The number of new theatres increases, but the number of these stories must always remain the same.'

"Scott and Dickens had already provided founts of inspiration for the melodramatists of the preceding half-century, and still their works continued to be used for plot material. It is instructive to note that no less than eight versions of *Ivanhoe* are recorded between 1850 and 1900, and five of *The Heart of Midlothian*. New novels by Dickens were eagerly seized

upon and old ones redramatised. There were at least eight versions of *Bleak House** : from *David Copperfield* Andrew Halliday took 'Little Emily' (Olym. 1869) and E. H. Brooke 'Little Em'ly's Trials' (S.W. 1871), while anonymous plays called 'Little Emily' were licensed for Croydon in 1870 and the Albion in 1877." —" A History of Late Nineteenth Century Drama, 1850-1900," by Allardyce Nicholl. Vol. I. (Cambridge Univ. Press)

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THE FIVE HUTCHINSONS

" Washington was neither city nor village. Four years earlier the French minister had described it as a 'building-yard placed in a desolate spot wherein living is unbearable.' Even Charles Dickens, friendly enough to America, called the nation's capital a 'City of Magnificent Intentions' and spoke of spacious avenues that began in nothing and ended nowhere.

" When they [the Hutchinson family] received an invitation to dinner from Charles Dickens, they felt that there was nothing more that London, or, indeed, Victoria's Empire, could offer. Dickens outdid himself to provide suitable companions for his American guests. Douglas Jerrold . . . was there, along with Samuel Rogers, the poet, and Charles Macready, whose name was a theater byword.

" . . . as the years passed, the financial problems increased until the Hutchinson enterprise became almost hopelessly involved. Then difficulty arose between the Hutchinsons and their agent, Johnson. He was replaced by George William Putnam, a picturesque character who had accompanied Charles Dickens as manager when the English novelist toured the United States in 1842. Dickens referred to Putnam as 'Mr. Q,' or in *American Notes* as 'my Boston friend.' " —" Singin' Yankees," by P. D. Jordan. (Univ. of Minnesota Press.)

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SNODGRASS

" Beau Brummel had a little house in Chesterfield Street . . . . Number ten, opposite, was in the early nineteenth century occupied by a Mr. Snodgrass. So it was surely here that the Beau played that foolish practical joke and woke the unfortunate Snodgrass in the middle of the night by throwing pebbles at his bedroom window. When the sleepy night-capped head appeared he called out :

" 'Is your name Snodgrass, sir ?'

" 'Yes, yes,' replied the agitated gentleman. 'What is it ?'

" 'What a damned extraordinary name, sir,' said the irritating buffoon, returning to his little home across the cobbles, having made another enemy.

" Dickens, whose most outrageous names are all of them real ones, probably heard the story and pounced upon the name to give to a friend of Mr. Pickwick's."—" London is Invincible," by Dorothy Hood. (Hutchinson.)

* * * * *

FRANCE

" English has always been one of the chief foreign languages in French educational [radio] programmes. Dickens has, perhaps, been too often chosen. There have been strong sentimental reasons for this, as he was a friend of France. French translations of his his novels are popular and steady sellers in France, and it is probable that more plays based on his books have been produced in France than in England. Paris has a rue Charles Dickens, close to a street in which Balzac's house stands. Boulogne has also—or had before the war—a rue Charles Dickens, and in the local churchyard sleeps the original of M. Loyal, with a mention on his tombstone that he was 'ami de Charles Dickens.' "—" France," 14th March, 1947.

* * * * *

OSBERT SITWELL

" '. . . it was far easier to picture Dickens—of whom she talked, for as a child she had known him—than to strip my grandmother and my great-aunt of the accretions with which the years in their passage had endowed them . . .

*Anonymous (M'bone, 1853), Elphinstone and Neale (C.L. 1853), Anonymous (Strand 1854), P. Burnett (P. W. L'pool, 1875), G. Lander (Pav. 1876), Eliza Thorne (Alex. Sheffield, 1876). L. C. Licensed for Globe 1876 and Grand, Walsall, 1892.

I listened eagerly to every detail of the great author's appearance, of the red waistcoat he liked to wear and the check coat, of his voice, and of how, when he used to read one of his novels aloud, he would by his intonations summon up for the audience the traits, the moral and mental atmosphere, and even the physical likeness, of the various characters (of whom, indeed, Miss Lloyd herself might have been one). To all this I paid the closest attention, because I had already read most of his novels, and was then, as now, an enthusiastic admirer of them. It proved, however, a cruel disappointment to me to find that my friend had not known Cruikshank, in whose illustrations I took no less delight; for I had formed, I think, a sort of conception of Dickens and Cruikshank as inseparable beings, destined, after the manner of the Siamese twins, to be born contemporaneously, to live together by the force of compulsion, and then to die at the same gasp, as though two flowers upon a single stem.

"And the works, too, of Charles Dickens, that champion of the oppressed, though I had always loved them since I first began to read, came to have a new splendour, as well as their abiding attraction."—"The Scarlet Tree," by Osbert Sitwell. (Macmillan)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SIR,

While engaged on the dramatisation of *A Tale of Two Cities* for the recent radio serial production, I came across two puzzles on which Dickensians may care to expend their ingenuity. The first is this: Why did "the younger brother" succeed to the Marquisate of St. Evrémonde? Why didn't Charles Darnay inherit on the death of his father—seeing that he was indisputably the son of "the elder brother." (See Book 2, Chapter 9: "Why need I speak of my father's time, when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin-brother, joint-inheritor, and next successor, from himself?") I put the problem to Mr. Hill, who put it to Professor Denis Saurat. Professor Saurat replied that French titles in a few rare instances had had queer conditions of inheritance attached to them, and that it was conceivable that such a condition might have attached to the Evrémonde family. But, he added that he had never heard of such an example, and evidently regarded the explanation as a thin one. It is indeed hardly reasonable to suppose that Dickens would deliberately have invented so unnecessary a circumstance, and it follows that we must (I think) accept one of two explanations. Either Dickens made a plain mistake and imagined that such a method of inheritance was normal, or he invented a circumstance to suit his plot without caring whether it was normal or not. The second alternative is unworthy and unlikely. I believe he just made a mistake (novelists do make mistakes) and his use of the phrase "joint-inheritor" supports this theory.

My second note concerns the departure of the coaches from Paris after the escape of Darnay. In Book 3, Chapter 12, Carton, talking with Mr. Lorry at Tellson's Bank, says, ". . . Have all these arrangements made in the courtyard here." In Chapter 14, Jerry and Miss Pross are in close conference in Lucy Manette's lodgings "high up in a removed by-street" (Chapter 3). "What," says Miss Pross, "what do you think of our not starting from this court yard? Another carriage having gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion." But the first carriage had left from Tellson's and Jerry and Miss Pross had seen it start. So what does she mean? At first this seemed to me to indicate a direct confusion between the two courtyards. I have since suggested to myself that perhaps the coach may have picked up Lucy and Dr. Manette *en route* to Tellson's. It is a possible explanation, but doesn't it cut across Carton's instructions?

V. C. CLINTON BADDELEY.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

Branch Reports of not more than 200 words are invited for inclusion on this page.

GREETINGS from London were conveyed to the branches at Birmingham, Liverpool, Blackpool, Preston, Blackburn and Manchester, by the Editor when he toured in March with a lantern-lecture on "The Dickens House." A similar tour is to be undertaken to the branches in the West Country in October.

LONDON

AN excellent programme had been arranged, but as most of the meetings were held in the beautiful Old Hall of Lincoln's Inn, which could not be adequately heated during the fuel crisis, that coincided with the severe weather, attendances were small. To avoid risking a similar experience next season, another hall is to be chosen. The season opened with a fine lecture on "Dickens as a Journalist," by Mr. R. J. Cruikshank, followed by another on *Edwin Drood*, by Mr. T. S. Lascelles. Then Mr. T. W. Hill gave "Ten Wonderful Years," followed by Mr. John Croydon's lecture on the film production of *Nicholas Nickleby*. February saw the Birthday Dinner at which the principal speaker was Viscount Leverhulme, who is fully reported on another page. The Fellowship tradition of the Birthday Recital was revived and was in the more than capable hands of the Rev. Geo. A. Parkinson, who again delighted his audience. Mr. Percy Home, the March lecturer, was prevented from attending by ill-health, but a fine debate between Mrs. Angela Thirkell and Sir John Shuckburgh was arranged at the last moment by Mr. R. C. D. Shuckburgh, who was its efficient chairman. The Annual General Meeting took place in April and was accompanied by some excellent character studies by Mr. Percy Merriman and Mr. J. Greaves. Several excellent rambles were enjoyed, perhaps the most notable being a visit to No. 1 Devonshire Terrace by the kindness of the Misses Dingley. Outstanding events were Mrs. Bacon's production of *A Christmas Carol* in December, the Royal Première of *Great Expectations* in the same month, and the invitation preview of the film, *Nicholas Nickleby*, in March.

Congratulations to Mr. E. J. Shaw and Miss V. L. Walker who are to be married at Highgate on June 6th.

LIVERPOOL

ANOTHER successful season came to its conclusion when the Annual Meeting was held on April 11th in the Music Room at Blue Coat Chambers. Very interesting programmes have been arranged, two in collaboration with the Liverpool Business and Professional Women's Club at Radiant House, the beautiful premises of the Liverpool Gas Company. On November 1st, 1946, Mr. George R. Chadwick spoke on "Sixty Years of Theatrical Experiences." The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides. The second date was March 14th, when we had the great pleasure of welcoming Mr. Leslie C. Staples at Radiant House. His lecture was also illustrated by lantern slides and was on "Dickens House." Happy memories were recalled by those who had attended the Conference in June, 1946, as each photograph appeared on the screen. Other outstanding lecturers were Mr. Gordon Douglas, Honorary Secretary for the West Lancashire and West Cheshire Division of the British Drama League, his subject being "The Amateur Theatre," and Mr. John Farrell, L.R.A.M., L.G.S.M., who gave dramatic selections from the book of the year, *A Tale of Two Cities*.

E. M. H.

PORTSMOUTH

THE Birthplace Fellowship is once more in full swing with its philanthropic activities in aid of local charities. Throughout the war we have maintained our Nurses Fund, which provides £55 per annum towards a nurse's salary, but for the first time after six years we have had our Annual Outing for the Blind at which we entertain sixty totally blind persons to a trip into the country. After a series of socials and whist drives we finished the year's programme with a social evening attended by the Lord and Lady Mayoress, at which the former presented Mr. Bertram Sutton with a cheque, subscribed for by the members, in recognition of his services as Chairman, from which he has retired after eighteen years. His successor is Miss D. Cross. The Literary Section has held its fortnightly meetings, which include readings and recitations from Dickens's works, and concluded the winter session with play-readings from *David Copperfield* and *A Christmas Carol*. Miss Maslyn, our

Chairman and Promoter for many years, having broken a leg and being still in hospital, a new Chairman, Mr. W. Hide, has been elected. In April, Fellowship once more held its Annual Elocution Competition for the Lord Mayor's Medal. Our membership sadly depleted during the war is increasing rapidly and we are introducing many younger members to the charm of Dickens and his books.

D. S.

CONGRATULATIONS and good wishes to the following newly-elected Honorary Secretaries :

Mrs. R. Graham, Brisbane.
Mr. J. Leslie Dunstan, Honolulu.
Mr. Wm. Neville Ogelsby, Philadelphia.
Miss Hilda C. Cleator, Tewkesbury.
Miss M. M. Kelly, Liverpool.
Miss Mary Corney, Manchester.
Mrs. D. White, Victoria.

The thanks of the Fellowship as a whole are tendered to the retiring Secretaries : Mrs. Jodrell, Miss Charlotte Hall, Mr. Joseph A. Cuza, Mr. W. Lawson, Miss E. M. Harding, Miss M. Lea Axon and Mr. H. Wood.

MR. HENRY FLEMING

THE Manchester Branch has suffered a severe loss by the death on March 29th at the age of 82 years of Mr. Henry Fleming, a member for over forty years. He was known to a wide circle of members through his attendance at Conferences. Born in Manchester in 1864, Mr. Fleming was trained as an accountant by Messrs. Jones, Crewdson and Youatt, of Manchester, and while with that firm he had professional associations with many well-known Manchester institutions, including the University and the Free Trade Hall (where Dickens made several appearances), thus gaining intimate knowledge of these and other famous institutions. Later he was cashier to the British Westinghouse Co., Ltd. He was married in 1899 at Sheffield, but his married life was very brief, his wife dying early in 1901. At that time he was cashier to a Colliery Company near Worksop. Mr. Fleming was by nature modest and retiring, never seeking honours. He several times declined the Presidency of the Branch. His kindly disposition and the conscientious thoroughness he applied to everything he undertook won him the affection and regard of all who knew him. During his membership of the Branch he served from 1933 to 1937 as Honorary Secretary ; in 1922-23 as Chairman of the Council, and for many years as Honorary Auditor, which office he held at the time of his death. His wide business experience and his long and intimate knowledge of the affairs of the Fellowship rendered his advice in Council meetings invaluable. Few who knew him in his later years were aware that in his younger days he was a keen athlete, devoting much time to cycling and harriers. He was Honorary Secretary of more than one cycling club and gained many awards for his feats in that sport, including a gold medal in 1890 for cycling 215 miles in 24 hours. Mr. Fleming retired from business in 1931 and from that time until his death he enjoyed the constant and devoted care of his daughter, to whom we extend our deep sympathy in her bereavement.

F. R. D.

DICKENSIANA

"Three Examination Papers." G. F. M. McCleary. *The National Review*, December, 1946.

"Dickens and George Eliot." R. C. Churchill. *John o' London's Weekly*, February 7th.

"The New World in Dickens's Writings," Part II. Robt. B. Heilman "Carlyle's Influence on the Social Theory of Dickens," Part I. Mildred G. Christian. *The Trollopian*, March, 1947.

* * * * *

"The Living Novel." S. V. Pritchett. Contains an essay on *Edwin Drood*. Chatto and Windus, 8/6.

"The Juvenile Drama." George Speaight. Macdonald, 15/-.

THE DICKENS

Dr. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT FOR

EXPENDITURE.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Rent (including Insurance, Lighting and Heating) and Rates	88 14 9	
,, Bedford Office Expenses	26 0 0	
Honorarium to Assistant Secretary and Income Tax thereon 68 18 0		
Less Contribution by the Dickens House 34 9 0		
	34 9 0	
,, Printing and Stationery	8 11 6	
,, General Expenses and Postage	33 16 5	
	191 11 8	
Less Amount charged to *The Dickensian*	94 6 7	
		97 5 1
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Headquarter's Members ...	64 10 0	
,, *The Dickensian* supplied to Branch Secretaries	10 10 9	
		75 0 9
,, Meetings	10 0 0	
,, Excess of Payments over Receipts in respect of Special Functions	0 11 3	
		10 11 3
,, Transfer to Charitable Purposes Account		19 8 6
,, Depreciation of Library, Pictures and Furniture		3 5 2
,, Income Tax 1945-46 on Interest received gross		9 0 0
,, Balance, being Excess of Income over Expenditure carried to Balance Sheet		100 13 1
		£315 3 10

CHARITABLE PURPOSES ACCOUNT FOR

PAYMENTS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Relief of Children and Others, especially those suffering from the effects of enemy action		127 3 11
Cratchit Shelter Fund—		
Relief of Children, as above		12 6 9
Donation to Cot Fund	15 15 0	
Sundry Donations	8 8 0	
		24 3 0
Balance at 31st December, 1945—		
Unexpended balance of Special Donations for Children		107 13 5
		£271 7 1

FELLOWSHIP

THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1945. Cr.

INCOME.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Subscriptions—		
Headquarters Members	208 10 9	
Branches	85 6 10	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, less Tax	7 6 4	
Interest on Investment of Life Membership Fund, gross	3 19 11	
		305 3 10
,, Interest on Loan to Dickens House, gross	... ...	10 0 0
		£315 3 10

THE YEAR ENDED 31ST DECEMBER, 1945.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Balance at 1st January, 1945—		
Unexpended balances of—		
Special Donations for Children	37 15 3	
Cratchit Shelter Fund	12 6 9	
		50 2 0
Special Donations for bombed or needy children, etc.—		
Vancouver Branch	25 8 0	
Toronto Branch	100 0 0	
Toronto Boz Club	50 0 0	
Winnipeg Branch	16 15 7	
Madison Branch	4 18 6	
		197 2 1
Interest on Investment of Special Donation, gross	4 14 6	
Transfer from Income and Expenditure Account	19 8 6	
		24 3 0
		£271 7 1

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP.

BALANCE SHEET AS AT 31ST DECEMBER, 1945.

LIABILITIES.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Sundry Creditors	... ...	40 10 10
The Dickensian Current Account	50 0 9	
Less Loan Account	37 8 8	
		12 12 1
Life Membership Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1944	477 15 0	
Subscriptions received 1945	36 15 0	
		514 10 0
Special Reserve—		
As at 31st December, 1944	808 7 6	
Add Legacy from the late James Verden	25 0 0	
		833 7 6
Costume Department—		
As at 31st December, 1944	180 18 6	
Deposit Interest, 1945	0 18 1	
		181 16 7
Advertising Fund	75 2 10	
Dramatic Section	3 14 3	
Collectors' Circle	0 14 5	
War Comforts Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1944 ... ... £10 10 1		
Donation, 1945 ... ... 0 5 0		
	10 15 1	
		90 6 7
Walter Dexter Memorial Fund—		
As at 31st December, 1944	263 10 4	
Donations, 1945	142 16 2	
		406 6 6
Unexpended Balance of Receipts for Charitable Purposes	... ...	107 13 5
Income and Expenditure Account—		
Balance at 31st December, 1944	249 0 5	
Add Excess of Income over Expenditure for the year	100 13 1	
	349 13 6	
Deduct Loss on *The Dickensian*, 1945	14 15 1	
		334 18 5
		£2522 1 11

ASSETS.	£ s. d.	£. s. d.
Life Membership Fund Investment, at cost—		
£498 19*s.* 0*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock	... ...	514 9 9
(Market Value, 31st December, 1945, £545 2*s.* 0*d.*)		
Investment of Special Donation, at cost—		
£118 5*s.* 10*d.* 4% Consolidated Stock	... ...	105 0 0
(Market Value, 31st December, 1945, £129 4*s.* 8*d.*)		
Library, Pictures and Furniture (including items loaned to Dickens House Museum and Library)—		
As at 31st December, 1944...	32 11 10	
Less Depreciation at 10% per annum	3 5 2	
		29 6 8
The Tyrrell Collection of Photographic Negatives, at cost	... ...	75 0 0
The Dickens House—		
Loan Account	550 0 0	
Add Interest accrued thereon	10 0 0	
	560 0 0	
Less Current Account	4 13 0	
		555 7 0
Amounts paid in advance	... ...	8 6 0
Subscriptions in advance	... ...	55 7 0
Balances at Bank—		
General Account	995 16 8	
Costume Account	181 0 5	
Costume Account, Interest accrued	0 18 1	
		1177 15 2
Cash in hands of Hon. Secretary—		
General Account	1 12 3	
Less Costume Account overdrawn	0 1 11	
		1 10 4
		£2522 1 11

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the books and vouchers of The Dickens Fellowship and certify the same to be in accordance therewith.
We have also verified the Investments.

4b Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.2.
26*th September*, 1946.

(*Signed*) WHINNEY, SMITH & WHINNEY,
Chartered Accountants,
Hon. Auditors.

The Dickens Fellowship

Founded October 6th, 1902

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PERCY MERRIMAN.

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Branches fix their own subscriptions.

Headquarters :
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

LONDON MEETINGS

JUNE.

Sun. 8. 11 a.m., Service in commemoration of the 77th Anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens. St. Dunstans in the West, Fleet Street.

Mon. 9. A wreath will be laid on the grave of Charles Dickens in Westminster Abbey. Meet West Door, 9-45 a.m.

JULY.

Sat. 12. Ramble. "Some City Churches." Conducted by Mrs. Gwen Major. Meet St. Swithin's Church, Cannon Street, opposite Cannon Street Station, 2-30 p.m.

SEPTEMBER.

Sat. 13. Ramble. "The Old Bailey and Round About." Conducted by Mrs. Jane Bacon. Meet outside the Old Bailey, 2-30 p.m.

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